

SUNDAY TIMES

# weekly review

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"The most exclusive champagne in the world is called..."  
TATTINGER



## MY FOUR GREAT BATTLEGROUNDS

### Poverty, Race, Education and Pollution

Above left: LBJ argues a point with Everett Dirksen, Minority Leader of the Senate, who held the key to the passing of the Civil Rights Act in 1964. Dirksen could fight politics as well as any man (but) he knew his country's future was at stake. He knew what he had to do as leader.

Above right: LBJ with civil rights leaders Ralph Abernathy and Martin Luther King. Johnson had said "The Negro today asks justice. We do not answer him when we reply to the Negro by asking 'Patience'."

HEN I RECALL the first full year of my Presidency, I think of people: people entering my office, people leaving my office, people meeting in my office, people waiting in my reception room, a steady stream of people. They included Walter Heller, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, who came to see me at 7.40 in the evening. Heller told me that early in November he had asked the departments and agencies of the Federal Government for ideas that could be used in developing a programme to alleviate poverty. He said that he had discussed the subject with John Kennedy three days before his assassination. President Kennedy had approved his going ahead with plans for a programme but had given no guidance as to the specific content. Now Heller had me to ask me an urgent question: Did I want the Council of Economic Advisers to develop a programme to attack poverty? I swung around in my chair and looked out the window. "I'm interested," I responded. "I'm sympathetic. Go ahead.

Give it the highest priority. Push ahead full tilt."

We were moving into uncharted territory. Powerful forces of opposition would be stirred. Many people warned me not to get caught in the snare of a programme directed entirely toward helping the poor.

We foresaw clearly the problems and dangers. But the powerful conviction that an attack on poverty was right and necessary blotted out any fears that this programme was a political landmine. Harry Truman used to say that 13 or 14 million Americans had their interests represented in Washington, but that the rest of the people had to depend on the President of the United States. That is how I felt about the 35 million American poor. They had no voice and no champion.

When economist John Kenneth Galbraith wrote of our "affluent society" at the end of the 1950s, he said that "the arithmetic of modern politics makes it tempting to overlook the very poor" — that because the poor were an "inarticulate minority," the "modern liberal politician" did

not align himself with them. I did not suffer the disadvantage of being considered a "modern liberal politician." The closest I came to that description was being called a "Populist," which is the term some liberals reserve for progressives who come from the Southern and Western parts of the nation. So I determined that this Populist politician would be the one who finally gave poor Americans some representation and helped them find their voice and improve their lot.

There was something both amusing and fitting about beginning work on the poverty programme. One evening during those Christmas holidays in 1963 I walked from the main ranch house to a little green frame house we call the "guest house." Inside, seated around a small kitchen table, were Walter Heller, Budget Director Kermit Gordon, Bill Moyers, and Jack Valenti. The table was littered with papers, coffee cups, and one ashtray brimming over with cigarettes and torn strips of paper. Just a few feet from the window several of my white-faced Herefords were grazing peacefully and a little noisily.

I joked with Kermit Gordon about the half-hearted attempt he was making to blend in with his South-western surroundings. He was wearing a pair of fashionable slacks — what we Texans would call "city-hought trousers" — and a khaki Western shirt I had lent him. He told me with a smile that he was blending urban and cattle country. It struck me that the poverty programme itself was a blend of the same: of the needs and desperate desires of the poor in the city ghettos and the poor in obscure rural hollows.

The title War on Poverty was decided on during those days at the Ranch. It had disadvantages. The military image carried with it connotations of victories and defeats that could prove misleading. But I wanted to rally the nation, to sound a call to arms which would stir people in the Government, in private industry, and on the campuses to lend their talents to a massive effort to eliminate the evil. So in the end, we came back to the War on Poverty.

On January 8, 1964, in my first State of the Union address to the Congress, I announced: "This Administration today, here and now, declares unconditional war on poverty in America." I warned that "it will not be a short or easy struggle" but that it was a war "we cannot afford to lose." It was a war not only on economic deprivation but on the tragic waste of human resources. The effort was not only morally justified but economically sound.

"One thousand dollars invested in salvaging an unemployed youth today," I pointed out, "can return forty thousand dollars in his lifetime."

The key to the Administration's plans for attacking poverty, Mr Johnson explains was "con-

munity action": Government money would be distributed to local organisations run by the poor themselves.

Soon other ideas began to take their place beside a community action in the emerging legislative proposal: programmes to give a special educational head start to children from deprived backgrounds; plans to train school dropouts; a blueprint to draw on the volunteer spirit of American youth; new ways to help small businessmen in the slums get started and to help impoverished farmers keep going; programmes to enable students from low-income families to work while they pursued an education.

Only six weeks after the task force had first assembled, the programme was ready to go. On March 16 I sent it to the Congress. It was called the Economic Opportunity Act.

The attacks on the Bill began as soon as the hearings started. In the House, wealthy Peter Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, set the tone for the opposition by contending that there was nothing new in the programme. "This country has been engaged in fighting poverty since it was founded," he said.

Clearly Frelinghuysen had fallen victim in his thinking to the old Republican "trickle down" theory of economics. This theory argues that if there is prosperity within the business community, money will eventually find its way down to the people at the bottom of the economic pyramid. This philosophy works just as it sounds. By the time the money filters down to the bottom it is no more than a trickle, even when the country is prosperous. When the nation experiences a recession the money stops altogether.

The War on Poverty recognised that the invertebrate poor need specific attention.

Lady Bird and I made a special trip to the Middle West and through the scarred mountains of Appalachia to focus the nation's attention on the problem of poverty. I saw the poor that day in Appalachia with my own eyes. And I believe that through the eyes of reporters and photographers who travelled with me, all America saw them too: the gaunt, defeated men whom the land had abandoned; their tired, despairing wives; their pale, undernourished children — all holding up home-made signs of welcome as we visited their hills.

I will not forget the man whose home I visited on the banks of Rock Castle Creek on a mountain in eastern Kentucky. His name was Tom Fletcher. His house was a tar-papered, three-room shack which he shared with his wife and their eight children. I sat on the porch with him while he described the struggle he had to support them all on \$400 a year. He regretted more than anything else that his two oldest children had already dropped out of school, and he was worried that the same fate would overtake the others. So was I. The

tragic inevitability of the endless cycle of poverty was summed up in that man's fear: poverty forcing children out of school and destroying their best chance to escape the poverty of their fathers.

"I want you to keep those kids in school," I said to Mr Fletcher when I left him. But I knew he couldn't do it alone. He had to have help, and I resolved to see that he got it. My determination was reinforced that day to use the powers of the Presidency to the fullest extent I could, to persuade America to help all its Tom Fletchers. They lived in the hollows of Appalachia and the hill country of central Texas, in swamp and desert, in cane brake and forest, and in the crumbling slums of every American city and every state. They were black and they were white, of every religion and background and national origin. And they were 35 million strong.

JULY 20, 1964, was a day of shame and defeat. On that day a simple, uncomplicated Bill came before the House of Representatives which proposed rat extermination efforts.

Every year thousands of people, especially those living in the slums of our cities, are bitten by rats in their homes and tenements. The overwhelming majority of victims are babies lying in their cribs. Rats carry a living cargo of death. Directly and indirectly, more human beings have been killed by rats than have been killed in all the wars since the beginning of time. In their travels from sewers to trash heaps to kitchens, rats carry the germs of fatal epidemic, jaundice, and typhus.

But the greatest damage cannot be measured in objective terms. You cannot measure the demoralising effect that the plague of rats has on human beings — a mother awakened by a cry in the middle of the night to find her child bleeding with rat bites on his nose, lips, or ears.

Something happened in the House that afternoon, something shameful and sad. A handful of Republicans joined together to try to make low comedy of the entire programme. Congressman Joel Broyhill, a Republican from Virginia, helped set the tone: "Mr Speaker, I think the 'rat' smart thing for us to do is to vote down this rat Bill 'rat' now."

The floodgates opened. The House had a field day — laughing about high commissioners of rats, hordes of rat bureaucrats, and rat patronage; jesting about the new civil "rats" Bill. At the end of this burlesque the rat Bill was defeated. The old Republican and conservative-Democratic coalition had won again.

When I heard the description of this sorry spectacle, I felt outraged and ashamed. I was ashamed of myself for not having prepared the House of Representatives and the nation to approach this issue more intelligently and with a proper sense of urgency.

The Bill became a personal

reduction of almost 36 per cent in just over four years.

Of course, we had not lifted everyone out of poverty. There would be setbacks and frustrations and disappointments ahead. But no one would ever again be able to ignore the poverty in our midst.

WHEN I WAS IN THE SENATE, we had an extra car to take back to Texas at the close of each congressional session. Usually my Negro employees — Zephyr Wright, our cook; Helen Williams, our maid; and Helen's husband, Gene — drove the car to the Ranch for us. At that time, nearly 20 years ago, it was an ordeal to get an automobile from Washington to Texas — three full days of hard driving.

On one of those trips I asked Gene if he would take my beagle dog with them in the car. I didn't think they would mind. Little Beagle was a friendly, gentle dog.

But Gene hesitated. "Senator, do we have to take Beagle?"

"Well," I explained, "there's no other way to get him to Texas. continued on next page

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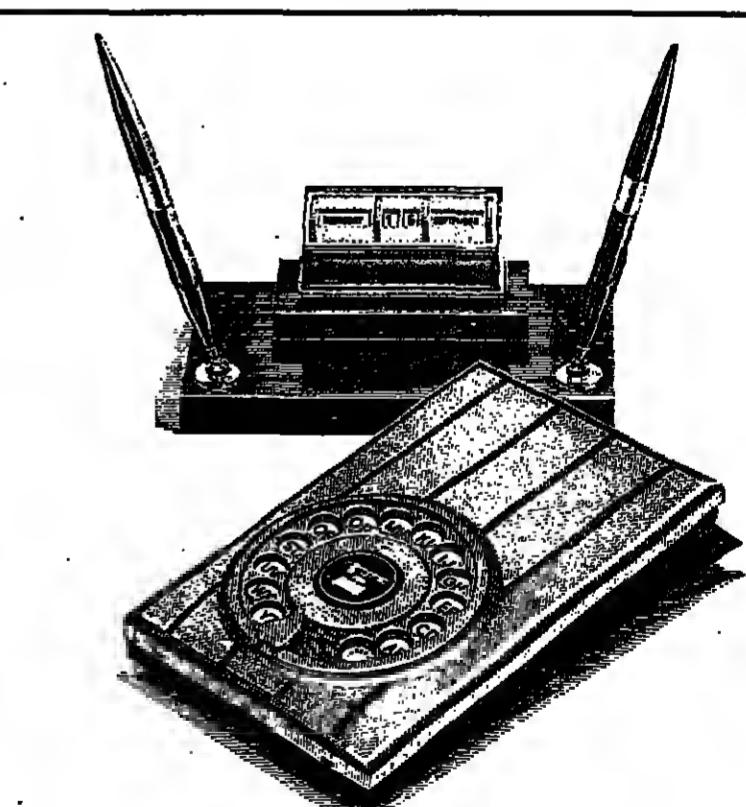
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# MY FOUR GREAT BATTLEGROUNDS

continued from preceding page  
He shouldn't give you any trouble, Gene. You know Beagle loves you."

But Gene still hesitated. I didn't understand. I looked directly at him. "Tell me—what's the matter? Why don't you want to take Beagle? What aren't you telling me?"

Gene began slowly. Here is the gist of what he had to say: "Well, Senator, it's tough enough to get all the way from Washington to Texas. We drive for hours and hours. We get hungry. But there's no place on the road we can stop and go in and eat. We drive some more. It gets pretty hot. We want to wash up. But the only bathroom we're allowed in is usually miles off the main highway. We keep going 'till night comes—'till we get so tired we can't stay awake any more. We're ready to pull in. But it takes us another hour or so to find a place to sleep. You see, what I'm saying is that a coloured man's got enough trouble getting across the South on his own, without baving a dog alone."

Of course, I knew that such discrimination existed throughout the South. We all knew it. But somehow we had deluded ourselves into believing that the black people around us were happy and satisfied; into thinking that the bad and ugly things were going on somewhere else, happening to other people.

I never sat on my parents' or grandparents' knees listening to nostalgic tales of the antebellum South. In Stonewall and Johnson City I never was a part of the Old Confederacy. But I was part of Texas. My roots were in its soil. And Texas is a part of the South in the sense that Texas shares a common heritage and outlook that differs from the North-east or Middle West or Far West.

That Southern heritage gave

me a feeling of belonging and a sense of continuity. But it also created certain parochial feelings that flared up defensively whenever Northerners described the South as "a stain on our country's democracy."

These were emotions I took with me to the Congress when I voted against six civil rights bills. At that time I simply did not believe that the legislation, as written, was the right way to handle the problem. Much of it seemed designed more to humiliate the South than to help the black man.

Beyond this, I did not think there was much I could do as a lone Congressman from Texas. One heroic stand and I'd be back home, defeated, unable to do any good for anyone, much less the blacks and the underprivileged. Before I became Majority Leader, I did not have the power.

I was part of America growing up—an America that accepted distinctions between blacks and whites as part and parcel of life, whether those distinctions were the clear-cut, blatant ones of the South or the more subtle, invidious ones practised in the North. This was an America misled by a mask of submissiveness and good nature that hid the deep despair inside the hearts of millions of black Americans.

So there was nothing I could say to Gene. His problem was also mine: as a Texan, a Southerner, and an American.

All these attitudes began to change in the mid-1950s and early 1960s.

I felt the need for change as Majority Leader when I led the Senate fight for the Civil Rights Act of 1957. We obtained only half a loaf in that fight, but it was an essential half-loaf, the first civil rights legislation in 32 years.

I felt the need for change as Vice President when as chairman of the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, I came face to face with the deep-seated discrimination that afflicts our

entire economic system, North and South.

I felt the need for change in the spring of 1963 when events in Birmingham, Alabama, showed the world the glaring contrast between the restraint of the black demonstrators and the brutality of the white policemen. I reflected these feelings at Gettysburg on May 30, 1963, when I spoke at Memorial Day services commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg.

One hundred years ago, the slave was freed. One hundred years later, the Negro remains in bondage to the colour of his skin. The Negro today asks justice. We do not answer him—we do not answer those who lie beneath this soil—when we reply to the Negro by asking, "Patience."

But nothing makes a man come to grips more directly with his conscience than the Presidency. In that house of decision, the White House, a man becomes his commitments. He understands who he really is. He learns what he genuinely wants to be.

So it was for me. When I sat in the Oval Office after President Kennedy died and reflected on civil rights, there was no question in my mind as to what I would do. I knew that, as President and as a man, I would use every ounce of strength I possessed to gain justice for the black American. My strength as President was then tenuous—I had not been elected to that office. But I recognised that the moral force of the Presidency is often stronger than the political force. I knew that a President can appeal to the best in our people or the worst.

Even the strongest supporters of President Kennedy's civil rights Bill in 1963 expected parts of it to be watered down in order to avert a Senate filibuster.

I made my position unambiguously clear: We were not prepared to compromise in any way. "So far as this Admini-

stration is concerned," I told a Press conference, "its position is firm." I wanted absolutely no room for bargaining.

Another important consideration was that my old friend, the Southern legislative leader Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, should understand my unyielding position, even though it would force him and the other opponents of the Bill to go for all or nothing.

One could not persuade Senator Russell by sweet talk, hard talk, or any kind of talk. He respected action, not words.

As a friend, who knew me well, he recognized that I would not accept a watered-down, ineffective bill. On January 24 1964, Senator Russell publicly acknowledged that fact:

"I have no doubt that [the President] intends to throw the full weight of his powerful office and the full force of his personality—both of which are considerable—to secure passage of this programme....

"Although I differ—and differ vigorously—with President Johnson on this so-called civil rights question . . . I expect to support the President just as strongly when I think he is right as I intend to oppose him when I think he is wrong."

These few words shaped the entire struggle. It would be a fight to total victory or total defeat without appeasement or attrition. The battle would be fought with dignity and perhaps with sorrow, but not with anger or bitterness. We would win, by securing cloture, which sets a time limit on debate, thus precluding a filibuster; or we would lose.

One man held the key to obtaining only half a loaf in that Leader of the Senate, Everett Dirksen. Dirksen could play politics as well as any man. But I knew something else about him. I based a great deal of my strategy on an understanding of Dirksen's deep-rooted patriotism.

I gave to this fight every-

thing I had in prestige, power, and commitment. At the same time, I deliberately tried to tone down my personal involvement in the daily struggle so that my colleagues on the Hill could take tactical responsibility—and credit; so that a hero's niche could be carved out for Senator Dirksen, not me.

As the debate continued, a new and disturbing element of public opinion came into play.

Governor George Wallace of Alabama had declared himself a candidate for President and had entered the Democratic primaries in Indiana, Maryland, and Wisconsin with an emotional campaign of opposition to civil rights and a thinly veiled racial call for law and order. Most analysts predicted that he would receive 10 per cent of the vote; his actual total was more than tripled that prediction.

In this critical hour Senator Dirksen came through, as I had hoped he would. He knew his country's future was at stake.

He knew what he could do to help. He knew what he had to do as a leader. On June 10 he took the floor of the Senate to say:

"The time has come for equality of opportunity in sharing in government, in education, and in employment. But the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which prohibited grants of federal funds to any segregated institution or activity, now minimises this problem.

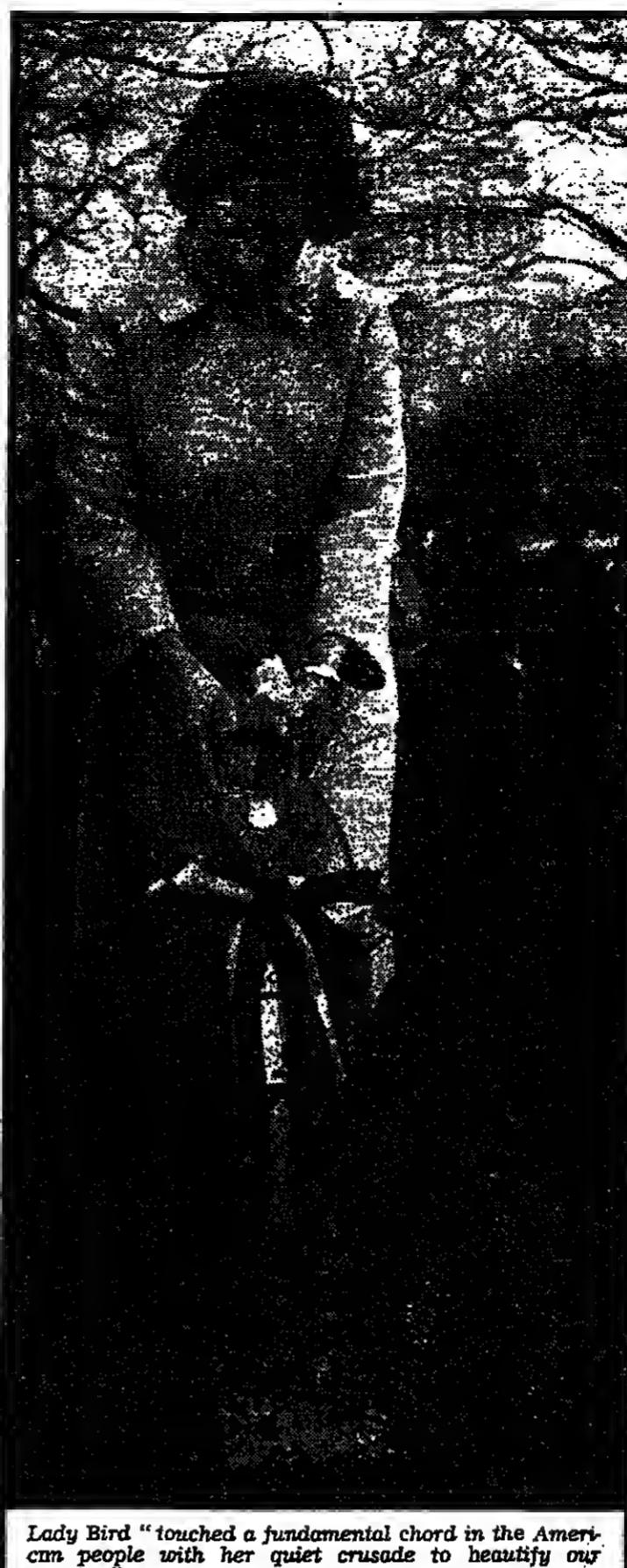
With this speech, Dirksen sounded the death knell for the Southern strategy of filibuster.

For the first time in history the Senate voted cloture on a civil rights Bill. The battle was over. The Bill was assured of passage.

Three weeks later the Congress passed the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the most sweeping civil rights measure enacted in the twentieth century.

I signed the Bill in the East Room of the White House. My thoughts went back to the afternoon a decade before when there was absolutely nothing I could say to Gene Williams, or to any black man, or to myself. That had been the day I first realised the sad truth: that to the extent Negroes were imprisoned, so was I. On July 2, 1964, I knew the positive side of that same truth: that to the extent Negroes were free, really free, so was I. And so was my country.

THE WAS AN OLD SAYING, "The kids is where the money ain't," which summed up one of the major problems confronting the American educational system when I became President. By the 1960s the public schools were in a state of crisis, beset by problems that had been multiplying since World War II. Classrooms were overcrowded. Teaching staffs



Lady Bird "touched a fundamental chord in the American people with her quiet crusade to beautify our country."

plied. "Just give the President my very warm regards."

On Sunday, April 11, I signed the Elementary and Secondary Education Act into law.

I signed it in the one-room schoolhouse near Stonewall, Texas, where my own education had begun. I asked my first teacher, Mrs Kathryn Deardorff Loney—"Miss Kate"—to come back from California to sit by my side as I signed the bill. Present too were other students of hers, and mine. For me, a pattern had come full circle in the course of 50 years. My education had begun with what I learned in that schoolroom. Now what I had learned and experienced since that time had brought me back to fulfil a dream.

"As President of the United States," I said on that occasion, "I believe deeply that no law I have signed or will ever sign means more to the future of America." But perhaps the Bill's impact was summed up best in the words of a boy from a poor family in Iowa. "Happiness," he said, "is two teachers so you can be helped when you need it."

IF THERE HAD BEEN no education crisis when I became President, if justice had already been extended to our black citizens, if poverty in our national life had been only a memory, I would have been content to be simply a conservation President. My deepest attitudes and beliefs were shaped by a closeness to the land, and it was only natural for me to think of preserving it. I wanted to continue the good work begun by Theodore Roosevelt, who hiked through the woods one day with a friend when he saw a small turtle. He thought that his children would be delighted to have a new pet, so he picked it up and started home with it. Suddenly he stopped, looked at the turtle, and retraced his steps. He put the turtle back on the ground. His friend asked him why. He answered: "It just struck me that perhaps, for one man, I have tampered enough with the universe."

In the 1960s I had to be concerned not only with the preservation of land but also with the people who lived in the crowded cities.

What could the beauty of our continent mean to them if that beauty was too far away to be enjoyed? I wanted a new kind of conservation that would bring national parks within reach of more people.

A memorandum I received toward the end of my Administration from Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall stated:

"These have been good years for the cause of conservation."

I believe that assessment will stand the test of time. So too will the work done by a concerned and compassionate woman. I believe that Lady Bird Johnson touched a fundamental chord in the American people with her quiet crusade to beautify our country.

By the 1960s conservation embraced more than the preservation of land. I have flown through the layers of filthy air above Los Angeles. I have seen the oily sludge of the Hudson and the Potomac rivers. And I found such experiences repugnant, as perhaps only a man who grew up knowing nature at its cleanest could.

Today almost everyone is conscious of the threat of pollution. A few years ago the prevailing idea was that pollution

tion, however deplorable, had to be lived with.

One of the important conservation measures I recommended to the Congress was the Water Quality Act, which required all states to set anti-pollution standards. Congress passed that Act in 1965, and when I affixed my signature to it, I said: "Today we begin to be masters of our environment." The Congress passed five other major anti-pollution measures, aimed at cleaning not only the water but the air.

If we are serious about making our country habitable, we must begin to devote a proportionate amount of our resources and our ingenuity to reversing the tide of pollution we have created. We need a science of "preventive engineering" similar to preventive medicine. We must be prepared to shoulder the enormous costs this will entail.

There is another challenge we face. We must recognise that in ways both subtle and serious we have disturbed the delicate balance in nature.

The first time Lady Bird and I took a vacation together after we left the White House, we went to Mexico. Lady Bird got into a conversation with a young scientist who had been assigned the job of eradicating mosquitoes and flies in a Mexican village. He and his fellow workers sprayed the community liberally with a powerful insecticide. They got rid of the insects, but in the process they also eliminated all the cats. Now the village is overrun with rodents.

That experience reminded me of a story about an atomic scientist who was walking through the woods one day with a friend when he saw a small turtle. He thought that his children would be delighted to have a new pet, so he picked it up and started home with it. Suddenly he stopped, looked at the turtle, and retraced his steps. He put the turtle back on the ground. His friend asked him why. He answered: "It just struck me that perhaps, for one man, I have tampered enough with the universe."

We cannot hope to put all the turtles back where we found them. We are committed to a technological society that has created imbalances. But the lessons of the past should convince us that the turtles of the future should be picked up only with the greatest of care. © 1971 by NCC Public Affairs Foundation.

Extracted from *The Vantage Point* by Lyndon Baines Johnson, to be published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson on January 20, 1972, at £5.



NEXT WEEK  
A call from  
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AFTER READING the 1,081 picturesquely pages of David Bergamini's Japan's Imperial Conspiracy (Heinemann £4.50) with unfailing interest, I yet put it down dismayed. It is, after all, seven-thirty years since Lord Acton called for a vision of history that would not be "a mere rope of sand" and "a burden on memory" but "continuous" and an "illumination of the soul." He did so out of a profound intuition that historians had failed all our desperate yesterdays by not realising that history progresses on two levels.

There is a manifest level, on which its processes can be observed, documented and apparently accounted for in conscious and rational terms. On that level it appears as a pattern evolved by unusual men inflicting their concepts on more or less passive masses of people.

But there is another, more profound level, a sort of underworld of the human condition where, silent and unobserved, vast, neglected and un-understood forces of the human spirit accumulate rather as lava accumulates at the roots of a great volcano and one day suddenly erupts to overwhelm the apparently well-ordered and conscious

It is perhaps just possible that once upon a time the manifest level may have been all-important. But for centuries now there have been too many cataclysmic invasions of the conscious human spirit from this underworld of history for us to go on ignoring the fact that it is this other level now which demands all our powers of penetration and interpretation.

One has only to think of the French Revolution which subjected vast areas of Europe to shattering forces of unreason for generations, to realise how futile the norms of the manifest are for interpreting so cataclysmic an event. Since then, the eruptions have increased in number and power as they have widened in scale. The First World War, revolution in Russia,

revolution in China, the Germany of Hitler, the Italy of Mussolini, the Japan of Hirohito, the Second World War and a whole world scene in one way or another today in a state of spiritual and social eruption, all above the sinister process continues and accelerates.

Therefore, to go on recording the contemporary scene purely in terms of its surface manifestations is like describing the convulsions, noting the phases of delirium and hallucination of a sick person with a total disregard of the causes of his affliction and the fact that an epidemic of the same sickness has laid almost all his neighbours low. But this precisely is the tendency of Mr Bergamini's work.

Although he says that he has had "the awe and pleasure" of knowing the Japanese all his life, he sees them as rational men engaged in conscious conspiracy, first to lead Japan to war and then, in defeat, to obscure the fact that all along their Emperor had been the mastermind of the conspiracy.

He is committed to a description of Japanese history which is incomplete, biased and determined to press a charge. It is all the sadder because his work is based on years of dedicated, original and wide-ranging research.

Moreover his book has an immensely valuable fall-out of new information and special insights implicit in the fact that Mr Bergamini, born in Japan, loves the country.

Yet even his self-restricted brief in terms of the manifest level of history is utterly unconvincing. The methods used to indict Hirohito are at times more enthusiastic than fair. Take for instance his account of the Emperor's fateful meeting with the supreme command when war is made inevitable. It is a moving, quintessentially tragic Japanese moment, as the Emperor

rummles for a piece of paper in his pocket and reads out a poem by his grandfather, the great Emperor Meiji.

All the seas everywhere  
 Are brothers one to another.  
 Why do the winds and waves of strife  
 Rage so violently through the world?

For Mr Bergamini, the Emperor had merely spoken "in a dubious fashion on the side of the angels." For him this was all mere "belly talk"—a Japanese expression for deliberate deceit designed in this case to trick the Japanese into war. He does not add that the Japanese supreme command interpreted this gesture differently. They all took Hirohito's gesture as one of extreme censure. Nor does he say that after they had sat overawed through a long period of silence, the Emperor spoke again to add, "I make it a rule to read this poem from time to time to remind me of my grandfather's love of peace."

More serious still is Mr Bergamini's tendency to isolate Japan from the main stream of the history of the contemporary world. The Germans may well make too much of their concept of a *Zeitgeist*, but it does exist and has a profound relationship with the underground level of history. Mr Bergamini certainly could have done with a liberal helping of it; and would have made more of the Russo-Japanese war.

Up to that moment, the great European empires, who had imposed themselves so brutally upon the peoples of

cultures of West and East. But in the end the forces of unreason had their irrational way even with the most powerful and rational of their leaders.

What happened to Japan was closely akin to what was happening in Mussolini's Italy and above all Hitler's Germany. I first knew Japan before Mr Bergamini did. I was there in 1926 for a brief moment just before the regent Hirohito became Emperor. Even then I was startled by the extent to which the Japanese already were possessed by an extra-territorial spirit, strange extra-territorial emotions, even more than extra-territorial ideas, as well as by striking trance-like elements in their behaviour. I met on their faces for the first time then the look, and observed in their minds and bodies the strange puppet-like movements, that were to terrify me later in the German masses at that *Twilight-of-the-Gods* Nuremberg rally.

More than the German people the Japanese went the way fate pointed, like men walking in their sleep. Hirohito was no ruler. The Emperors have never ruled Japan. There have always been others to do this dusty work for them. They have always pre-eminently been the continuity of Japan and were only brought out into the light of the common day when some cataclysm of history faced the Japanese with the challenge of Europeans' paralytic grasp.

The Japanese impulse from then on to assert themselves as the Europeans had asserted themselves grew great and terrible through some telepathy of communication with the unuttered longing of millions of little Asians to see them succeed.

There was no rational reaction. Of course there were men of reason who tried desperately to use the forces of unreason let loose by the conflict and interconflict of the powers and

held himself apart for the moment when, all Japan's mythological passion-spent, he could offer himself as a rallying point for a reintegration of his shattered nation.

Living on their thin-skinned earth, perpetually ravaged by earthquake, fire, typhoon and tidal wave, the Japanese have found in disaster a source of renewal as no other people in the world. When the Japanese general Araki told George Bernard Shaw: "An earthquake for us is both a catastrophe and a form of religious enlightenment for the national spirit" he was uttering in jest a great Japanese truth.

Whatever the economic factors, and they were considerable, I believe that in the heart of its ancient darkness Japan went the terrible way it went because only disaster on a cosmic scale could cut the cord which tied it to the negative aspects of history, and free it for renewal in an idiom appropriate to this barbs, modern world.

That is why all my Japanese friends, young and old, tend to speak of the last war not as of a war so much as "our revolution." Ultimately war and revolution are two sides of the same terrible, counterfeit coin. Both are amply discredited patterns of an attempt to escape from what is one-sided and inadequate in a given state of spirit and society. If the modern world is ever to see war and revolution for the bankrupt phenomena they are, the whole of its history must be reappraised and revalued.

It is not because Mr Bergamini's approach lacks sincerity and good intentions that I find it so disappointing, but because, more than a generation after Hiroshima, he contributes nothing to the wholeness of our vision of a chain of events which we have all, not least of all his own great country, darkened with the shadow of our own unknowing and lack of understanding of man and the meaning of history.



Hirohito as Regent in 1926

Asia, had appeared almost like omnipotent gods. But after the shattering and unpredicted defeat of Russia, the European spell was broken for good and everywhere in the basements of Asian imagination, the forces were massing to deliver the East from the Europeans' paralytic grasp.

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## NEWS IN THE ARTS

### The Sadler's Wells name game

KENNETH PEARSON

passion. "Now," says Christopher Plummer, "I begin to recognise it in him."

#### • Gollancz's Ivy

GOLLANCZ'S publish a limited edition of the novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett next May. All nineteen of them, excluding *Dolores* (1911), which was partly written by her brother. But that launching date heralds a stream of books in the Compton-Burnett area. There are in the Gollancz pipeline: an Elizabeth Spriggs biography; a critical study from Hilary Spurling, and Charles Buckhart is editing a collection of essays which includes work by Robert Liddell, Anthony Powell, Angus Wilson, John Betjeman, Raymond Mortimer, Elizabeth Bowen and Edward Sackville-West.

#### • Art gallery revolt

FOR THE last six months hardly a week has gone by without invitations to view new art galleries. "We have this old ware-house in the docks," "As a protest against the Old Men of Bond Street," "My view of modern art is hard to describe so..." They do add up to something, though. A lot of young people in communication with a lot of young artists (and some neglected older ones) and a desperate urge to show the public what it's all about. It is all, in fact, very anti-Bond Street. Two I caught up with last week were worth the detour. Nigel Greenwood, already the owner of a modern gallery in Sloane Gardens, has a place called Space in the most expensive part of town (Old Burlington Street), except that the property tycoon who owns the building let him have it for a peppercorn rent. And Lucy Milton, Belfast-born rebel from the theatre, has opened a gallery in Notting Hill Gate which will exchange its shows with galleries



One of Peter Whiteman's designs for the Sadler's Wells production of Monteverdi's *The Coronation of Poppea*. It opens on November 14. The *Irish Times* will make a special *Irish* performance on December 15 and 16 during the London Opera Centre season. "I hope it doesn't look precious," says Evans modestly, "but I'm going to make it an enjoyable evening."

in The Hague, Bochum, Milan, Amsterdam and Cologne. Miss Milton may know what a tough life it is. When she opened a modern gallery in Beaconsfield, someone actually spat at her.

#### • Musical express

THE TRAIN heading north for the Edinburgh Festival next August 21 will be noisy. Noisier than usual. There will be a band in every coach, ten open coaches, and the tickets will cost less than one normally pays.

SIR GERAINT EVANS is soon to hold his first ever public master class in London. He's done it in Wales before. "It was at home then, he says. "But this frightens me to death." Evans will be giving the class at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and making a special performance on December 15 and 16 during the London Opera Centre season. "I hope it doesn't look precious," says Evans modestly, "but I'm going to make it an enjoyable evening."

Just at this moment the opera star is rehearsing six hours a day for the new *Figaro*, opening at Covent Garden on December 1. From this experience Sir Geraint will draw his material for the open classes. He's never liked

masters who have used such occasions to make their students look silly. So this will be a relaxed, genial affair, with some surprises from the audience.

There'll be a few stars down there to answer the call to the stage.

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Sobranie Virginia in the silver pack. 31p for 20.

Recomendable Service

Allen Jones in his new studio at Chelsea: the exhibition of his watercolours and graphics, which opened last week at Marlborough Graphics, will be reviewed by John Russell next week.

## Explorers unbound

ART □ JOHN RUSSELL

with no overtones of mystery or reserve and a strong family likeness carried over from year to year. But Frost's new work at the Waddington shows him exploring a whole gamut of fresh possibilities: in the tall thin panels on the right-hand wall, his talents are more than renewed.

A mixed exhibition should ideally be a pudding all plums. We can't quite hope for that in modern times, but I doubt if any other city can show at this moment miscellanies as good as those on view at Agnew's, the Lefevre, Tooth's, the Heim and the Hazlitt.

Tooth's, finally, a still-life of 1939, by Braque, which brings to a full close the great French tradition of the laden table-top and one of the most stylish of the paintings done by Boudin in Antwerp in 1871. Boudin didn't care for life in Antwerp—it was expensive, he didn't like the heat, and he had awful headaches—but "in spite of everything" he said, "one has to go on painting one's cart like a poor old horse."

The effort doesn't show in the little picture at Tooth's which has a tender eloquence which Boudin's mentor Corot would have approved.

Ceri Richards, who died last Tuesday, had an ardent, outgoing nature which made him as much loved, as a man, as he was admired as an artist. Like his fellow-member of the Class of 1903, John Piper, he made a witty and distinctive contribution to the modern movement before 1939; and when Richard Buckham organised the gala performance for the Save the Titian fund a moonless age, Richards and Piper were quick to act once again, while others hummed and hawed. Such large, committed, un-rancorous human beings can ill be spared.

Lists are tedious, in this context, and microscopic evocations

It is possible to prefer Solimena's symmetrical and voluptuous "Zeuxis and the Maidens of Croton" at the Hazlitt.

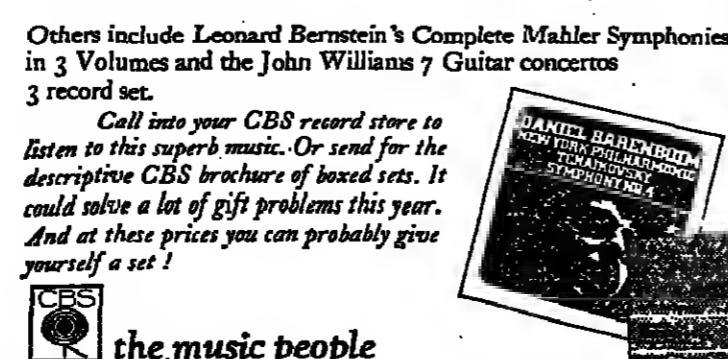
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The Heim Gallery's "Faces and Figures of the Baroque" stretches its frontiers to include a Christ-figure by Giovanni Bologna at one end, and some neoclassical adaptations of heads by Francois Duquesnoy at the other. In between, some very distinguished pieces of character sculpture dispute for our attention with museum-scale paintings, some of them of aolved but chequered character (Pietro Monti's "Artemisia Drinking the Ashes of her Husband," for instance). For encouragement on a dark November afternoon,

A complete conductor's score (value 90p) containing 102 pages is enclosed free with every copy of this magnificent recording - Barenboim conducting Tchaikovsky's 4th! It's our way of helping you enjoy to the full the most exciting musical collaboration of the century. Daniel Barenboim, the finest young musician of our age. The New York Philharmonic, the world's greatest virtuoso orchestra. Symphony No. 4 in F minor - the most dramatic masterpiece of Tchaikovsky and the accepted magnificence of a CBS recording.

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PACKETS CARRY A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING



DAVID STOREY'S *The Changing Room* (Royal Court) shows us a couple of hours in the lives of a Rugby League football team. One by one the men—the flesh, the young, the slow-witted, the bold, the balding, the twiturn, the easy mixer—come into the changing room. They exchange their civilian clothes for the shorts, the shoulder pads, the neck-straps, and the jerseys that in the north of England on Saturday afternoons are practically the apparel of war.

The most extrovert of them has just been to a wedding, and smokes a cigar with jocularly aggressive self-satisfaction. Another fusses over the electrical gadgets he has bought for his home. A third—a very neat fellow, this—says nothing about it, but he is conscious that his social status is rising: he is walking out with a schumiteacher. Muscles are flexed. The masseur rubs shoulders and knees with oil. The club chairman tries to be matey, and the cleaner remembers that the cold weather is still in the Russians, and that players are not what they used to be. The referee looks in briefly, tells the men to play to the whistle, hopes that the best team will win. There is a moment of silence. The trainer stands with his head bowed. The ordeal, the trial, the test is about to begin. The men line up, and—fresh, vigorous, full of hope—run off on to the field, and are greeted by a mighty roar from the crowd. That is the end of the first act.

In the interval I spoke to a young Austrian actor. His voice was full of wonder. "We could not do this in Vienna," he said. "Our actors would look like actors. These players don't look like actors. They look like footballers." It is true. They are directed with staggering authenticity by Lindsay Anderson. Mr Anderson understands these footballers as he understood the workers in Mr Storey's "The Contractor."

It is a miracle of the theatre that he should do so. Mr Anderson's family background is Indian Army; he was born at Bangalore, educated at an English public school, and at the college which the first Earl of Birkenhead thought the most beautiful in Oxford. His convictions may be Socialist, but his temperament is aristocratic. He ought to know nothing about working men. But he comprehends them utterly, and, by his affection—and of course an immense talent—for a society to which, by birth and upbringing, he is quite alien, he once more achieves, with Mr Storey, the triumph of bringing to our stage the true, the stubborn, the incomparable North.

There is no plot in "The Changing Room," but that does not mean that there is no suspense. There is in fact an enormous suspense. We want to know—*we* want to know—*what* will happen. We want to know which of the men will acquit themselves well, and which badly. We want to know how they will bear victory or defeat. All these things, in due time, we are told. They are a great pleasure of the play, but they are not the play's chief pleasure. That is something deeper, more beautiful, and more lasting. Behind the training, and the swearing, and the shoving in, the piece is permeated by a Wordsworthian spirit. You can,

## Storey time

THEATRE □ HAROLD HOBSON

If you listen, hear through it the still, sad music of humanity. At the end the changing room, like the house of Madame Ranevsky, is almost deserted. It seems that everyone except the captain and the masseur has gone away. They too are preparing to leave. The darkness is falling. From the balcony comes the voice of the cleaner singing "All people that on earth do dwell." He is an old man, quite behind the times, not of our day at all. The captain and the masseur look at each other, and smile, not unkindly. It is a masterly ending. Every one of the players must be mentioned. I give their names in the order of the programme: Don McKillop, Brian Glover, John Price, David Hill, David Daker, Barry Keegan, Peter Schofield, Warren Clarke, Peter Childs, Alan Armstrong, John Rae, John Barrett, Matthew Guinness, Jim Norton, Edward Judd, Frank Mills, Paul Dawkins, Michael Elphick, Mark McManus, Edward Peel, Geoffrey Hinsliff, and Brian Lawson. It is a Roll of Honour. "What shall we do to be saved?" cries Barry Reckord in his *A Liberated Woman* (Greenwich). It is a confused appeal from a confused heart, and it gets an answer that is two-edged. There is a rich sincerity in the play which is not at all diminished by the fact that we are never clear whether Mr

Reckord is telling us—like Dumas fils in "Francillon"—that in extra-marital sex there should be the same rule for women as for men, or that there should be no rule at all. He probably does not know: "A Liberated Woman" is not a neat solution to an acrimonious problem, but an unrestrained mixture of a jaded, jaded, and huddledness in the face of unresolved and perhaps necessary questions of colour, equality, and faithfulness. Guy refuses to his wife, Gall the freedom he exercises himself. She spectacularly takes what he denies; but the only truly happy person in the play is an exuberantly egomaniac black actor (brilliantly played by Rudolph Walker) to whom all the moral questions debated since Plato mean less than a single good review.

Such a refuge however is not either for Gall or for Guy, who are both tormented beings, shown especially in the way that Mr Reckord remorselessly destroys all his carefully built-in self-defences. As the distressed, defiant, and determined wife Linda Marlowe, with her unforgettable, pre-Raphaelite, pale, weary but resolute beauty, is yearningly memorable, an impaled, exquisitely desperately struggling to be free. Mr Reckord himself, as the dramatist Guy, is suitably puzzled, downbeat, and outsmarted. Mr Reckord favours a

freedom of expression which, at the crisis of the play, he inexplicably abandons.

Toby Robertson's Prospect Theatre Company's production of *Love's Labour's Lost*, which is now on tour, is a small, but real, enchantment. In a land where it is always afternoon, it is set on a sunshine beach, with the men wearing garlands of flowers round their necks, and the girls in long, filmy, hippy dresses. The verse sometimes seems so beautiful that it stops the blood and the will to argue. The world never have believed that a time like "Here comes a member of the commonwealth" could hold such fun.

Then, in the twinkling of an eye, all changes. The Angel of Death is abroad in the land; you can hear the beating of his wings. A tall, swift figure, in absolute black, erupts into this leisurely painted paradise, and cleaves the sunshine. James Snell, as the messenger, appears with such exactly timed speed, and speaks with such lucid lines, with such precision, that the announcement of the death of the King of France extinguishes the light. It is a wonderful effect, wonderfully achieved. Timothy West's Holstines beautifully rebukes the lords and ladies, and Bridget Armstrong's delectable Jacqueline maintains a happy simper of complete non-understanding which is quite irresistible.

Heinrich Henkel's *The Painters* (Young Vic Studiu), translated by Michael Bullock, is about two men painting pipes in a tunnel. Does this sound dreary? Well, it isn't. Once again Sam Kelly shows himself an actor to be watched. Seymour Mathews is good, too.

Frank Herrmann



Vanessa Redgrave as Surie Thistlewood and June Watson as Hannah Smith: two of the conspirators in "Cato Street" by Robert Shaw. The play, which is based on the events of the Cato Street Conspiracy of 1820 against the lives of members of the Cabinet, opens at the Young Vic tomorrow.

WITH Ken Dodd playing Malvolio a line like "Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling" takes on special significance. When he talks of "Quenching my familiar smile" he gets an extra laugh too. He does indeed quench the smile—no easy task in his case—until bidden to be merry by the fake love letter from Olivia. Then he lets go and the effect is marvellous to see.

But for his trade marks, Mr Dodd might have had a complete success in Liverpool Playhouse's Twelfth Night. All goes exceptionally well until his final entrance, when everyone is getting happily coupled off except Malvolio, who has been made to

## Dodd's delight

LIVERPOOL □ PHILIP RADCLIFFE

look a fool and treated as mad. Then, as with Shylock ultimately, we should be feeling sympathy, possibly bruising away a tear, but his bedraggled entrance prodded laughter. We hear his voice from the cellar, pleading for sanity, but never see him again until his final entrance, which here takes on the significance of the reappearance after a gap of the star comic turn. There was also, of course, much

laughter in the right places, developed after very proper restraint.

Susan Tebbs is an appealing boyish Viola and Teresa Campbell (Maria), Neil Cunningham (Feste) and Brian Coburn (Sir Toby Belch) give good support. Antony Tuckey's direction is good and busy, and shows comic creation, notably in the letter scene as Belch, Aguecheek, and Fabian pop up and down behind

the screen as Malvolio reads.

Karen Mills' set for all scenes,

like a gilt section of a Cathedral vault, lends grandeur if not always credibility.

The production marks imaginatively the sixtieth anniversary of the opening of this delightful little theatre as the Playhouse,

although it had started life as

the Star Music Hall in 1866. Ken Dodd thus provides an appropriate link. He also joins the list of people who, at first under the late and great William Armstrong, started their acting careers there, which includes Sir Michael Redgrave, Cecil Parker, and Rita Tushingham. Next month it moves confidently on to the world premiere of a new play by Bill Naughton.

ton, cool and elegant, using sophisticated irony, has conducted a skilful defensive action for years to stop us knowing too much about the man within.

Mostly the story is told through mini-autobiographies of around

thirty of Ellington's brilliant

long-service associates—Harry Carney, Billy Strayhorn, Cat Anderson and the rest. This in itself is a fascinating process, not only for the affection the book reveals they have for their leader—most rare, since geniuses do not usually love other geniuses—but also for their surprising frankness.

Here is Russell Procope explaining how Duke is hustler and disciplinarian ("an iron hand in a mink glove"). Or Willie Cook talking about arguments with him over pay. Or Toby Hardwick saying, without rancour, that Duke very swiftly started using "we" when referring to the band, in the royal not the collective sense.

Some, if not all, of Ellington's flavour comes through. Once, when unexpectedly he didn't get a prestigious American award, he said: "They don't want me too famous too young." Whn asks Toby Hardwick, could top that? Who indeed.

## Whose world?

TELEVISION □ ALAN BRIEN

TO KNOW what's wrong with Miss World 1972, you only have to watch it with your mind switched on. And more than half of Britain's population seems to have taken the risk last Tuesday, giving the ratings-conscious BBC platters their biggest hit since the last time they showed an old war film on a wet Bank Holiday. It was one long, tatty, plusb commercial for the proposition that women are just fibre-glass shells, cosmetic packagers, curvaceous garters to decorate the arms of men on a night out. The emphasis was all on eye appeal, on women judged by their looks, and the standards when the accepted reaction is a nudge in the ribs, a knowing leer and a throaty growl.

You can tell this by the advance trailers in which the newreaders twinkle and smile. The very idea of these cute baby dildos prettily themselves up to wheadle extra pocket money out of Big Daddy. By the paraphernalia of the ludicrous "national costumes" (Miss Bahamas dressed as a traffic cop in tropic gear; Miss Canada a mini-skirted Mountie). By the provincial pantomime rituals (footmen in knee-breeches and powdered wigs; sceptres and orbs and tinsel crowns).

Would Michael Aspel, after all,

not just a pretty face, dare engage a Mr World in such feeble repartee—such as advising a competitor who admires Yeats to try Rupert Brooke ("He's good fun")? But, then, men would only compete for Mr World and respect the winner if the tests included some measure of intelligence, courage, will power, idealism, as well as physical prowess. Miss World may not be degrading to those who take part, but what sort of image does it offer to the women at home as the quintessence of their sex?

It does not even represent genuine sexual appeal, but rather Andy Hardy's pillow fantasy, a parade of Sunday-school pin-ups. Nor does it embody the traditional, old-fashioned accomplishments—the ability to cook and sew while still appearing with a damp curl and hands gloved in flour, bending over the hot stove, desirable to her home-coming man.

You would not choose a hostess

breakfast photo-calls and all-night talkshows, the pervasive conviction that a celebrity is everybody's property to be won by any hand like a glove puppet.

Germaine survived because she is a survivor with a rare combination of internal resources—a clown and an actress, a brain and a heart, able to cope with small talk as well as big talk. The individual tang of her ideas often bit through the ectoplasmic razmatazz whipped up by publicity men, like garage men in megaphones. Even when her intellectual guard occasionally slipped, as when she appealed for an end to the Vietnamese war before more damage is done to "our children" and "our men" rather than because it is an obscenely outraging all regardless of age or sex, her honesty beamed across.

It was unfortunate, then, that she was obliged by the conventions of the programme to pretend that she did not realise she was on British screens even when she was off American ones. The sequences in her hotel bedroom, with shots of her naked back and a braless half-bust, the glimpse of her knickerless thighs, seemed unworthy, if entrancing, titillation. The illusion of her loneliness was cracked when she cursed because she had forgotten to put out the bedside lamp—for we knew there were hidden hands ready to serve her. It seemed pointless to complain of press photographers arriving to see her before I've washed my bloody face when the TV cameraman has already invaded her privacy.

Another message, with a moral for Miss World fans, is how powerfully attractive a woman can be when she is not thinking of herself, but just thinking, or talking, or collapsed in exhaustion, rouged, sweating, excited, tearful, and generally a messy human being like the rest of us. I felt the same about Sbarou Duce, who played the sulky, gawky, vaguely dissatisfied girl

friend of the bowls-oid young man, in Arthur Hopcraft's *The Panel* (Granada). The difficulty of writing TV plays is that they can rarely escape from being an anecdote. The situation is set, then the spokes radiating outwards are explored, before returning to the hub again.

Mr Hopcraft skilfully contained his plot within its limitations, creating a strange and convincing world, peopled by characters who had forgotten they were actors and actresses. The submerged personality of the apprentice bowler, more drawn, like a fatherless little boy, to the old men than to the sport, rose to the surface without any glib recourse to a paperback psychology. (Director Leslie Woodhead, producer Peter Eckersley.)

One of the great tasks of television is contact with minds and sensibilities which stretch and strain your own mental equipment. How soft-pedalled do you need to be to sit through the present infestation of family comedies, with stereotypical hubbies and wives, apparently supporting upper-middle-class values involved in stock dilemmas? It is almost a generation now since Arnold Wesker and Joan Littlewood showed us that working-class people have just as dramatic, funny and relevant splendours and miseries. But the comic prole, confined until then to low farce, has now only inflated to the comic prole, as low farce's protagonist, in comic-strip series like *On the Buses* (London Weekend). (If such a travesty was presented of blacks, the Race Relations Board would be invoked.) It is with immense relief to find one haven, *Writers in Society* (BBC 1), where bright, concerned people are encouraged to talk, not just of the top of their heads, but from deep at the heart. So far we have had Richard Hoggett and Jonathan Miller, one whose reluctant, slow, tentative argument seemed built upon deeply-felt, painfully-won convictions, the other whose fluent, imaginative eloquence allowed for constant possibility of alternative insights. But both powerful, abrasive, antidotes to rust of the brain. (Producer, Julian Jebb.)

## Gloomsday

FILMS □ DILYS POWELL



Don Stroud takes aim in Roger Cormier's new film about Richehoven, "The Red Baron," which opens at the London Pavilion on Thursday

rich life; one sees them momentarily successful, then sliding into unemployment, squalor, crime. The playing, subtle beneath its aggressive surface, of Doug McGrath and Paul Bradley, finally conveys the fecklessness and drifting stupidity of the pair, and we are surely going to hear more of the director Doddie Sheibh.

The picture of urban Canada is less than exhilarating; but then, as I say, the new generation of directors don't aim to encourage. Though perhaps one could make an exception of Robert Taylor, whose *Roller Derby* is a documentary, enigmatically aimed at those as unfamiliar with roller skating as the American sport of bashing one another about on roller skates, but at least communicating the sportsman's pride in their accomplishment. The hero, a young man with a good job, has no higher ambition than to chuck it and train to skate and bash, and a leading exponent is pinously grateful to the father who encouraged him to take up a profession highly respected and lucrative. The career-work is intimate, smart, lively and poker-faced; no irony is anywhere discernible.

Among Festival films by experienced hands let me mention *D. A. Pennebaker's* *Swing, Swing, Toronto*, a 140-minute record of the city's 1969 Rock and Roll Revival. It is put together with notable skill, but after the confident though ear-splitting professionalism of other participants an amateurish appearance by John Lennon is embarrassing, especially since its climax is a long series of screeches from Yoko Ono during which, if one can judge from the off-screen silence, the audience has very sensibly gone home.

Outside the Festival little praise except a straightforward Western on release, *Hannie Caulder* (director Burt Kennedy colour: AA) with a scattering of experienced toughs and Rague Welch, less out of her depth than usual, as a vengeful gunwoman. At *The Screen on Islington Green*, a pole-axingly bogus Western, *The Shooting* (director Mimi Hellman: De Luxe colour: A) Jack Nicholson as co-producer, as well as actor, must take some responsibility for the intellectus pretensions. At *The Venu Cinema, Kentish Town*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Sir Peter Hall's version of Shakespeare's English stage values and co-größe, all-round-every puppet-faces. Generally too whimsy for my taste, but sometimes funny and occasionally charming.

## Tricky stitchery ties it up

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## Watchers in the workshop

MUSIC □ DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

AVING come into a little money the society for the Promotion of New Music has been able to resume its former practice of holding public orchestral rehearsals of new and recently submitted scores. There were two of these last weekend. On Saturday the Queen Elizabeth Hall was occupied by the London Sinfonietta under Roger Norrington; on Sunday the Festival Hall by the London Symphony under Hyden.

These occasions are precious to the young composer, who has little hope of finally hearing what he has written for orchestra (especially a large orchestra) unless the piece has been commissioned. They may prove useful also to the critic, who is drawn by a natural hope of discovering a new talent. To the general sterner, admitted at a uniform charge of 6 pence, the rehearsals offer the perennial attraction of watching things take shape instead of contemplating a smoothly finished product on a plate.

Though 30p is a modest charge, the society might perhaps consider whether something could be done to keep the sterner in the picture and give him better value. Would it matter if, by means of a tactful microphone, the conductor's comments were made audible to all? And for the benefit of those who feel that they can get no more out of hearing scraps and snippets, might he not announce (without committing himself) the approximate time at which he hopes to be ready to play through a whole work or a whole movement?

Such thoughts arose during work on two most difficult of the chosen scores. Relatively simple pieces were a peasant and craftsmanlike, though unmemorable. "Sinfonia da caccia" for nature orchestra written by Jeremy Dale oberts for the Thaxted Festival of 1967. A brief "Nocturno" by Howard Burrell which is rather more than an "exercise in orchestration" (as the composer describes it), but certainly effective on that level.

Most of Mr. Norrington's time on Saturday was devoted to Adrian Jack's "Holly Bush," one of those experimental scores consisting (as I guess, without having seen it) more of diagrammatic signs and rules-of-the-game instructions than of notes of definite pitch and duration. The listener who had vaguely wondered how such pieces ever get off the ground now had his chance to observe. It was a stop-and-go process that made it veering economic policies seem, by contrast, as steady and inevitable as a piano crescendo; although the indeterminate element is supposed to make life difficult for the performers, they seemed to have given up trying to do as dull as the audience. When, after some minutes, the conductor asked "Hands up, who hasn't played yet?" and every violinist's hand shot up, their expressions were ruefully amused rather than vexed.

## SPIEGEL THE EAGLE

PHILIP OAKES



ARLY THIS year Sam Spiegel it about that he wanted Leonard Bernstein to compose a score for his new film, "Nicholas and Alexandra." After why not? They'd worked together before. But Bernstein was busy. Sorry, he told Spiegel, it had agreed to write a score for the opening of the new Kennedy Centre in New York, and that had to come first. Spiegel saw it differently: "I led to persuade them to postpone the opening of the Centre for six weeks." Even now, one can't quite fathom why his request was turned down. He's delighted with the score he got from Richard Rodney Bennett-Bernstein's suggestion. But as he decants the supervises, he's plagued by unease, somewhere preferred a memoir to a movie! It's beyond Spiegel's comprehension.

The fact is, they don't make him like Spiegel any more. In 1971 he remains your real, live motion picture producer who smokes cigars as thick as an infant's wrist; whose yacht rides an anchor in Monte Carlo harbour; and whose films cost millions (this one came out at four million pounds sterling), not to mention the four years it took to steer it from first notion to final print.

It's time, says Spiegel, which the real investment. "At the art of a film you don't realize that the incubation period will be long. You have no sinking feeling. Later on come the sleepless nights and the days of despair. But at the outset you simply commit yourself to making good pictures."

He means a good big picture. "Nicholas and Alexandra" is about the fall of the Romanoffs, and the Russian Revolution: nothing less.

Its leading players are Michael Jayston and Janet Suzman, and performing impeccably behind a thicket of whiskers are such actors as Olivier, Redgrave, in Holm (especially fine), and Jack Hawkins. The running length is three hours, which fans, says Spiegel, that it has to grip the audience.

degrees of boredom can be measured from the rump up. Spiegel is now in his late sixties, although the date of his birth tends to fluctuate. He has a time to waste; but as the old age has it, he hastens slowly, reeling critically down the steps of his scriptwriter, James Goldman, it took him over two years to polish and finally approve a screenplay.

He has his reasons: "I believe stories are rewritten, not written. Jimmy Goldman was desper-

ately, many times. I had to convert him to believe that each rewrite improved the original. Now he is blissfully happy."

Possibly so, but others have been less forbearing. There's the story—apocryphal, of course—that when Irvin Shaw was working on Spiegel's film "On The Waterfront," his wife found him in the bathroom at 3 am, carefully shaving. "What are you doing?" she inquired. "I'm going out to kill Sam Spiegel," said Shaw.

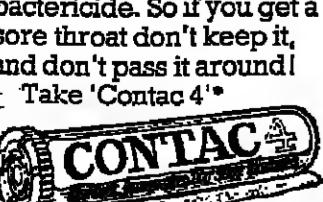
In money matters, too, Spiegel is reported to strike a hard bargain. Years ago when Peter Brook was attempting to wrest the film rights of Lord of the Flies from his grasp, the crucial negotiations took place in a swimming pool at Cannes. Spiegel, recalls Brook, was suffering from an eye infection, and the wheeling and dealing proceeded while both men trod water, and Spiegel shielded his brow from the splashes of frisky starlets. All the same, he got his asking price: thousands more than Brook could afford.

He was born in Austria and studied at the University of Vienna. First, he went to work as a "Young Pioneer" in Palestine, then became a cotton broker, winding up eventually in California as a lecturer on dramatic literature. MGM producer Paul Bern (who was later to marry Jean Harlow), signed him up as a reader and story adviser, but he was fired six months later by the head of the script department—an illiterate, says Spiegel, who got his job by marrying the daughter of the boss.

"Fifteen years later when I

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## Swedish visitors

DANCE □ RICHARD BUCKLE

I AM TOLD that Birgit Cullberg, who has brought her Cullberg Ballet from Sweden on a two-week visit to Sadler's Wells, does wonders with the dance on television: behind a camera, apparently, she becomes a wizard. On the stage, however, I find her creations hard to admire. In spirit her choreography is "Modern," but modern of some years ago, i.e. old-fashioned: in technique her ballets are classically based, but without any feeling of a definite school.

The first programme opened with "Medea," danced to a banging, boozing enlargement of piano pieces by Bartok on tape. It would be hard to exaggerate the absurdity of this melodrama, with its posturing heroine and her babies-in-the-wood. I was astonished to be reminded next morning by Peter Williams that we had seen this very ballet together, when Miss Cullberg first brought a group of dancers to England twenty years ago. To keep such a work so long shows exceptional self-confidence.

"Miss Julie," which opened the second programme, was the work that made the Swedish choreographer famous, and it dates from 1950. Strindberg's play heralded a new wave in the theatre, and just a little of his quality has rubbed off on the ballet. But the dance drama lasts forty-five minutes and it would take a very remarkable dancer-actress in the title role to hold our attention for as long as that. Jacqueline de Min is alternately pert and boho-boho. As Jean the butler, Niklas Ek emits occasionally a spark of cold fire.

"Romeo and Juliet" to jumbled Prokofiev was intolerable. The hard-worked Ek was Romeo; he had one funny moment in "Adam and Eve," scraping his feet like a dog, and as Orpheus he was on the go throughout. "Eurydice is Dead" for the best thing the Swedes showed us was the decor of the last, a film based on engravings by Palle Nielsen—visions of hell as an urban sprawl in the style of Ben Shahn.

wanted it played, without exaggeration and with constant concern for the singers; and the brilliant prelude to the last act (that heady distillation of the spirit of intrigue) was not treated as a mere tour de force. A sense of naturalness and ease spread to the admirable cast, several of whom were new to their roles at Covent Garden.

The happiest performance was that of the new Octavian, Brigitte Fassbaender, daughter of Glyndebourne's much-loved pre-war Figaro and Guglielmo; when we saw a handsome, more fiery, more quick and loving half-Italian 17-year-old than this, or one whose clear and forward tones better suited the music? The Marschallin (Sema Jurinac) and Ochs (Michael Langdon) are both established favourites and highly accomplished artists whose actual singing sounded a shade less sweet and secure, or less robust, than of old. Lucia Popp, the Sophie, sang very prettily, but allowed a touch of affectation to creep into her reception of the Rose.

Among the rest, Derek Hammond-Stroud contributed a very positive Faninal with a slight tendency to mark the strong beats by physical gesture; Ermanno Muti a fluent Italian tenor; and Gillian Knight a lively but over-produced Annina. I detect waltzing Anninas, but attribute such excesses to the producers rather than to the singer on the evidence of several other fussy elements in their broadly effective reproduction of Visconti's 1968 work.

As we know it, if it does not knock up as many more before its centenary comes round. Between them, the subtle Viennese poet and the Bavarian musician who could be, in his own way, equally subtle, have given the audience so much, on so many levels, to enjoy: broad comedy and irresistible tunes beside strokes of the finest and most delicate modelling, and a group of characters who remain dramatically and musically alive through all the theatrical bustle and intrigue. They have invented a world.

That world was musically evoked under Josef Krips with much finish and elegance of style. This was the music as Strauss

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Another performance was that of the new Octavian, Brigitte Fassbaender, daughter of Glyndebourne's much-loved pre-war Figaro and Guglielmo; when we saw a handsome, more fiery, more quick and loving half-Italian 17-year-old than this, or one whose clear and forward tones better suited the music? The Marschallin (Sema Jurinac) and Ochs (Michael Langdon) are both established favourites and highly accomplished artists whose actual singing sounded a shade less sweet and secure, or less robust, than of old. Lucia Popp, the Sophie, sang very prettily, but allowed a touch of affectation to creep into her reception of the Rose.

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## Christian duties

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST: the complete writings and messages of Camilo Torres. Edited and introduced by John Gerassi. Cape £4 pp 460

NOT THE WHOLE TRUTH by John C Heenan/Hodder & Stoughton £2.75

ROSEMARY HAUGHTON



Cardinal Heenan: deep conviction

THE Romantic Revolutionary priest, whose portrait is pinned up alongside that of Che Guevara among the heroes of the Left, seems, at first sight, rather overpowering literary company for the homely and familiar Father Heenan (he only becomes Bishop at the end of this volume), whose interesting but not thrilling career is recorded in an autobiography that is deliberately reticent.

The varied Torres writings form a record of a spiritual development that was also a political one. It could not be otherwise in a country where, to quote John Gerassi:

3.6 per cent of landowners owned 64.2 per cent of the farming areas ... for every US dollar invested in Colombia, \$2.27 is taken out in profits and dividends for each

United States takes back \$1.50 in interest and amortisation.

The priest sociologist was forced further and further to the Left, as a Catholic in a country where the Catholic "establishment" was deeply implicated in the maintenance of a régime built on the poverty of the masses.

Ligeti's "Day of Wrath" is properly gripping after all, when the tuba and bassoon blast the "secular" region into a thousand splinters before the cavernous echoes of "Mors stabit." The clouds of the holocaust clear in the more transparent style of the final "Lacrimosa." Here again humanity is briefly glimpsed through the tonal tears of the two soloists. This Requiem provides a shattering but only intermittently musical experience.

Similarly, in the succeeding section, where layers of pulsating choral sounds simultaneously enunciate the triple Kyrie, even the simplest conjunct melodic phrase for soprano or trumpet emerges out of the

seething cauldron of sound with luminous effect, precisely because the ear is able to relate it to previous tonal experience.

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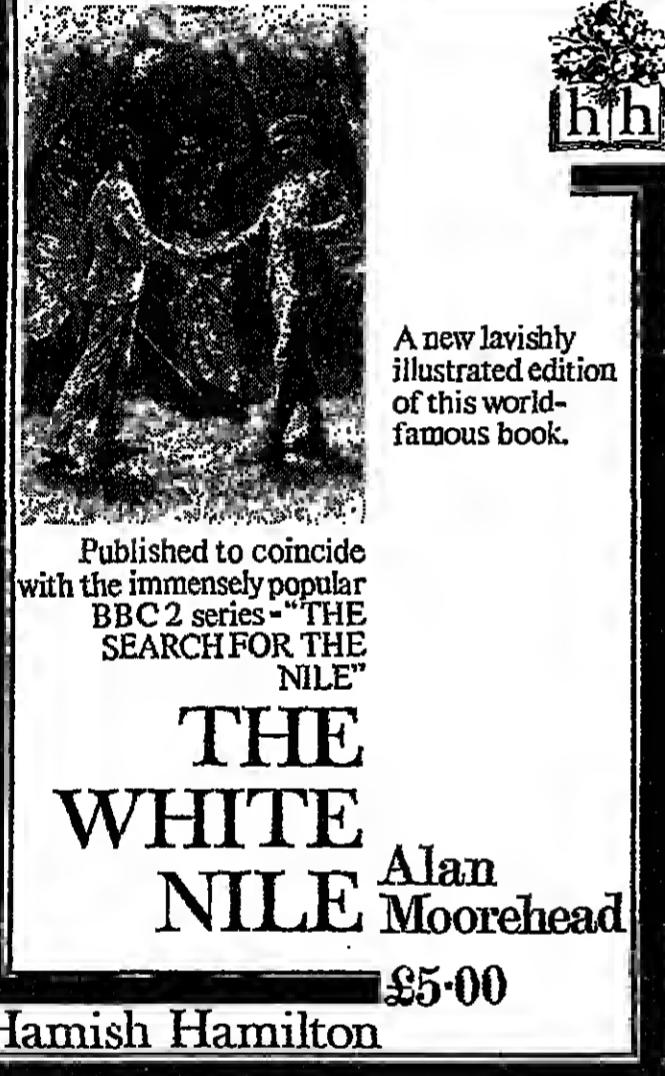


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"THE SLEEP of Reason engenders monsters!" The Goya quotation seems particularly apposite today when Pompeian credulity marches hand in hand with the immense advances in exact objective observation. Modern science produces the H-bomb which reproduces the heat of the sun; modern magic counters with voodoo, black mass, bone-casting, evil eyes, satanism, fortunetelling, the Tarot pack, the I Ching, the Witches' Coven, the White Goddess.

Colin Wilson's book is dedicated to Robert Graves who tells him, apropos of The White Goddess:

Grave." He was probably a bum-hug, who vanity, ambition, and intelligence led him to carve out a niche as the wickedest man in the world: there is always room for a sadist at the top. That he was also impetuous and an egomaniac bore is an occupational risk of Satan's own. Perhaps his ultimate importance is medical. He worked up to eleven grains of heroin a day, enough to kill a roomful of people.

What about his magic? Certainly if no avail in the long run, for he pestered out among debts and landladies, having been expelled from both France and Italy in his prime. He had inherited a fortune from brewing, which he spent on globe trotting.

As a young man he had nearly conquered Kanchenjunga, where he failed to prevent some fellow climbers from losing their lives. His panic, "Kanchenjunga phobia", haunted him all his life. Crowley undoubtedly knew more about magic than most people. His short story, "The Strategem" is truly sinister and deserves to be better known, though most of his writing is florid and self-indulgent.

A barrowing tale of his raising of Pan as recounted by an eyewitness, is told by Dennis Wheatley, but is not mentioned by John Symonds in his *Life*. "Raising the wind" seemed more of a preoccupation, although the supply of rich admirers of both sexes seemed endless. Much of his magic consisted in the dressing out of a very full bisexual existence among rather sordid partners with drugs to help (he was one of the first to experiment with mescaline). Every orgasm was made part of a ritual. His

downfall came when he invited Betty May, "Tiger woman," an old Flitzorian model, out to Cefalu with her husband, Raoul Lovelady who had come down from Oxford with a first in history and drifted to the Café Royal underworld. He died in Crowley's "Abbey of Theleme" at Cefalu, probably of typhoid but some of his Oxford friends started an agitation, which was taken up by the Press. There were stories of black magic, infant and animal sacrifices, and Crowley was expelled from Italy. Neither his finances, nor his magic powers completely recovered, and the Great Beast's last thoughts were

5.35 pm. Certainly I want heroin but almost anything else would do just as well. It's about A.D. A girl or a game of chess would fill the gap. But I've just enough pep for revision or research. 7 pm. Yes this does set going a mournful train of thought, mostly about my lost

valables. All my careless folly.

What an ass I am! Will heroin help me to forget it?

Mr Symonds is Crowley's literary executor. The present *Life* is an expanded recension of two earlier books (1951, 1958).

It does the Beast proud, and

it would have appealed to his sense of humour, being such a travesty of official biographies, equally painstaking, sincere and imaginative, but occupied with the opposite of what is usually considered to make life worth living. It's worth reading, if only as a contribution to the problem of evil.

Evil is an accumulation of impulses or the collective unconscious. It can be personified as spring is personified, and the Devil is a name for this personification. It is more than just the absence of good or the presence of error, for it can swallow into mob violence or mass hysteria.

Cruelty is infectious as well as stupid. I am going along with

**THE OCCULT** by Colin Wilson/Hodder & Stoughton £4.50 pp 601  
**THE GREAT BEAST, the life and magic of Aleister Crowley** by John Symonds/Macdonald £4.75 pp 413  
**MAGIC SUPERNATURALISM AND RELIGION** by Kurt Seligman Allen Lane The Penguin Press £4 pp 342  
**THE DEVIL AND ALL HIS WORKS** by Dennis Wheatley/Hutchinson £4.50 pp 302

**WHAT WITCHES DO** by Stewart Farrar/Peter Davies £2.50

**THE TAROT SPEAKS** by Richard Gardner/Rigel Press £1.50

**THE COMPLEAT ASTROLOGER** by Derek and Julia Parker Mitchell Beazley £5.95 pp 256

**CYRIL CONNOLLY**

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Mr Colin Wilson, who finds the Collective Unconscious a useful concept. He likes to make the mind responsible for most phenomena except possibly flying saucers, which seem to have been called in lately, perhaps on account of some structural defect.

Mr Wilson's enormously long book is the result of many years

of investigation of the occult. It is

almost an encyclopedia; but it

differs from Lewis Spence's or

Nandor Fodor's, because his

book, as he tells us, is a personal

record of conviction. What is his

conviction? That rational man is

played out, that humanity must

cultivate Faculty X, the psychic

powers which put us in touch with

the universe, mystical apprehen-

sions which all can experience

for odd moments, but which can

be made to play a larger and

larger part. It seems to me that

the reality of life after death has

been established beyond all

reasonable doubt.

Mr Wilson's mental processes

are akin to Aldous Huxley's.

Serotonin is a chemical that is

connected with concentration and

Faculty X. The Bo-tree, the tree

under which the Buddha is said

to have achieved enlightenment

produces figs with an exception-

ally high serotonin content.

That is pure Aldous. So is the

ending: "We return to the theme

of the opening chapters: man's

future lies in the cultivation of

Faculty X."

I am very impressed by this

book, not only by its erudition

but by the marshalling of it, and

above all by the good-humoured,

unaffected narrative charm of the

author whose reasoning is never

too far-fetched, who is never

carried away by preposterous

theories.

For an illustrated history of the Devil in all his forms, Mr Wheatley is excellent. His summaries of the various cults are adequate, but some of his photographs, like the Jivaro head of various Polynesian or pre-Columbian manifestations of evil are most impressive. Terror and cruelty are the infernal qualities; lust has to be paid for riches do not come. St Anthony is better company, than all his temptations put together.

There remains "white magic," the witchcraft that is a survival of the old pagan religions. The modern revival of witchcraft (see "What Witches Do") seems harmless enough; if the cover-foreathers at the local. One is grateful for any addition to local colour. But perhaps it's not always as harmless as Mr Farrar suggests. Blood sacrifices are the signal that persecution is

on the increase.

An interesting Crowley-free

account of the world of magic is

Kurt Seligman's. He was a

Surrealist painter, and he brings

some taste and discipline to his

imaginative account. The *Com-*

*plete Astrologer* is a fine coffee

table book which gives tables

enabling everyone to calculate

astrology since the 19th century

is an odyssey as a glass eye

is an eye, and avoids anyone

mentioning its absence.

The best sections are those by

Professor Stephen Toulmin on

science and those who like

the history of ideas to be pre-

ferred by someone who has no

trouble in not intruding his own

by Anthony Quinton. Toulmin quotes a scientist at the first

atomic test as saying, "We are

all sons of bitches now."

It is characteristic of the whole

flaccidly elaborate production

that it contains not a single bold

idea, not a single telling judg-

ment, not a single provoking

prediction. (Might not somebody

— perhaps Arthur C. Clarke—

have projected an account of the

next thirty years and of what

needs to be done if we are to

be alive to evaluate it?)

After the pundits, the journey-

men. *The Times History of Our*

*Times* is more modest in

scope—only a quarter of

a century, but more pages for

three-quarters of the price—and

less loquacious with professors.

It is a credit to its editor, Pro-

fessor Marcus Cunliffe, every

page must have its captain, and

to the majority of its contribu-

tors, that they have responded

with enthusiasm and even some

aspiration to their assignments.

Patrick Ke

## IN MY FASHION

**N**ORMAN HARTNELL, dressmaker to the Queen, is almost too perfect a piece of type casting as author of "Royal Courts of Fashion," published last week by Cassell's.

Mr Hartnell, whose wit might be described as demurely impish, is under the impression that he has subversified it for this elegantly presented, "handsomely illustrated book". No use, he says, "putting in quips (one can't say 'I' when writing history) though I longed to."

Actually, although he has eschewed "I," his special sense of humour shows in his choice of richly funny titbits from the gossiping diarists like Fanny Burney, Thomas Creevey, Evelyn, Pepys, Purfoy and Anne.

Mr Hartnell has played a part in two Coronations. For the Coronation of King George VI, he made the train bearers' dresses and for the Coronation of our present Queen, he made the Peers' robes.

"I worked with the Earl Marshall, the Duke of Norfolk," he recalls. "The robes used to be in Lyons velvet and mink. At the time of Queen Anne they cost 500 guineas. I had to produce them for £30 for those impoverished Peers. We used upholstery velvet and white rabbit."

One of his greatest successes was when King George VI and Queen Elizabeth paid a State Visit in 1938. "The court was still in mourning," he recalls, "but I rescued the idea of sending the Queen to Paris in dead black. I suggested to her the Royal Perpetuation of white. The Queen's all-white wardrobe took Paris by storm, and Mr Hartnell was decorated by the French Government with the Fames Academicares."

Mr Hartnell's unique contribution as a designer has been to invent a style for Royalty. The Abdication of King Edward VIII left the idea of monarchy a bit shaky. People had not been so aware of the new Queen while she was Duchess of York. With his magnificent crinolines, his shining satins, his glittering embroidery, Mr Hartnell projected her in the manner of a modern Winterhalter.

When the Queen Mother, as Queen, sailed into the Royal Box at a Covent Garden Gala, her wide skirt swaying, her jewels and orders blazing on one of Mr Hartnell's spangled tulle bodices, the most fashionable in the audience became extinguished. No one else in contemporary times has known so well how to project the image of a royal.

Royal Courts of Fashion by Norman Hartnell, Cassell £2.25. "Silver and Gold" is to be republished by Tom Stacey in the spring with a new preface by Mr Hartnell called "Looking Back."

We were talking in his Salon at 26 Bruton Street. Mr Hartnell, who had come up from his house at Ascot for an appointment with the Queen Mother, was a little perturbed because he had

## COURT CARDS

by Ernestine Carter

## KEEPING UP WITH... Fashion and Charity



NORMAN HARTNELL

ON NOVEMBER 29 the Queen, Princess Anne and Lord Mountbatten will attend the Royal World Premiere of *Nicholas and Alexandra* at the Odeon, Leicester Square, in aid of the Spastics Society.

The romantic Edwardian elegance of the costumes by Antonio Castillo (for the two Empresses) and Yvonne Blake (for all the others) inspired Clive to create a *Nicholas and Alexandra* collection.

Clive's dresses are now on sale in Harrod's Model Designer room; the original costumes will be on exhibition from November 27 on Harrod's Fourth Floor.

For tickets to the Royal World Premiere of the film (£5, £10, £20) send a cheque made out to The Spastics Society to Mrs Sheila Rawstorne, 12 Park Crescent, W1.

On November 20 Harpers & Queen with Estée Lauder, De Beers and the British Fur Trade Association are presenting a Fashion Spectacular, "The Brilliant and Beautiful," in the Great Hall, Lincoln's Inn, in aid of Action for the Crippled Child.

Ten p.m. and black tie. For tickets, £6 if over 26, £3 under, including champagne (courtesy



Photograph by Christopher Moore

Left, still from "Nicholas and Alexandra." Above, Clive's contemporary version of the artist's smock worn in the film by Ania Morska as the Tsarina's daughter, Princess Olga. Clive's smock, designed for Dorville, is in cream crépe, stitched in brown, over a brown velveteen skirt. Also in cream and navy, £9, at Harrods.

Laurent Pernier), port (courtesy Cockburn's), cigarettes (courtesy Gallaher), cabaret (courtesy Frankie Howard), send cheques to Action for the Crippled Child to the Marchioness of Bute, Harpers & Queen, Chestergate House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, W1.

On November 24 Parfums Nina Ricci is holding a Thé Danté from 5 p.m. in the Napoleon Suite at the Cafe Royal in aid of The British Home & Hospital for Incurables.

The highlight of the evening will be the fashion show of Thé Danté dresses from the Cecil Beaton Collection presented to the Victoria & Albert Museum. Debenham & Freebody are recreating a Thirties decor; Jacques le Brigand of Nina Ricci, Paris, with Madame Vernier and Frederick Fox, will judge the best dressed head; Norman Hartnell will be one of the judges of the best-dressed couple; Tommy Roberts (Mr Freedom) will help judge The Charleston. Tickets, £4, so much at that time, £6.50. For details, call 01-580 2222.

At about this time she met Oliver Gogarty and decided she wanted to write about Parnell (one can see the sequitur). "I dreamed about Parnell three nights running," she remembers. "I talked to an agent who said 'you're mad!'" Cobden Sanderson of the Doves Press said she was mad too, but added, "if you want to go ahead, go ahead" and handed her a contract.

Her next book, "Portrait of Pamela" (the illegitimate daughter of Philippe Egalité and Madame de Jeanne) came out at the time of Dunkirk, and, like

out

about Elizabeth of Austria. Rather ruefully, Miss Haslip says "I suppose what Duveen used to say about paintings is true of books. People would rather read about a beautiful young woman than an ugly old man."

For The Imperial Adventurer, Miss Haslip went to Mexico, to all the places Maximilian had been. The result is a hefty volume of 531 pages, outstripping Richard Buckley's *Nijinsky* by forty-five pages. Dame Rebecca West's comment was "How kind of Weldenfeld to produce two

skins of these endangered beasts. The coats, all under £40, were shown with reluctance, but real cheetah and leopard cubs who, if Aquascutum can help it, need no longer end up as a sleeve or a wide rever



JOAN HASLIP. Portrait in sanguine and conte by Molly Bishop

hooks that will keep us busy for the winter."

Miss Haslip says working on

Mercury made her into a te

totaler, growing up in a jar

villa where all the mon

went on the gutters" gave her

distaste for possessions.

She says, "I must be pa

gypsy. Money to me has alwa

ys meant railway tickets." Her ne

stop is Russia, for a book

Catherine the Great

WILD LIFE  
AT AQUASCUTUM

LAST MONDAY Aquascutum

launched their contribution to

the saving of the world's wild

life with a fashion show

staged at the Savoy. According to

Mr Peter Scott, Chairman o

The World Wildlife Fund, the

great cat family—the cheetahs

leopards, ocelots, tigers

jaegers—is in grave danger o

extinction. Aquascutum's solu

tion toward preserving the

real animals while enjoying

the pleasure of their pelts is

to introduce coats in a new fu

fiber which reproduces with

remarkable exactitude the

skins of these endangered

beasts. The coats, all under

£40, were shown with reluctan

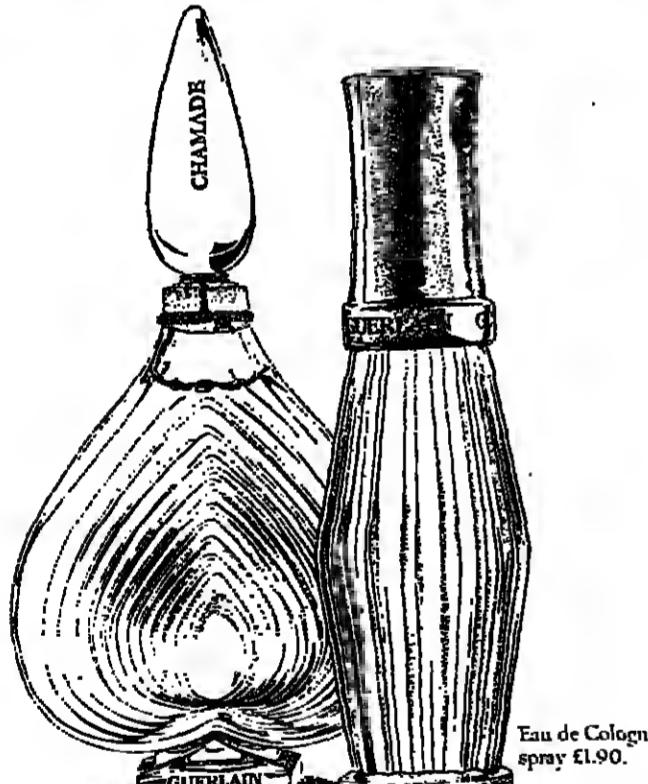
but real cheetah and leopard

cubs who, if Aquascutum can

help it, need no longer end up

as a sleeve or a wide rever

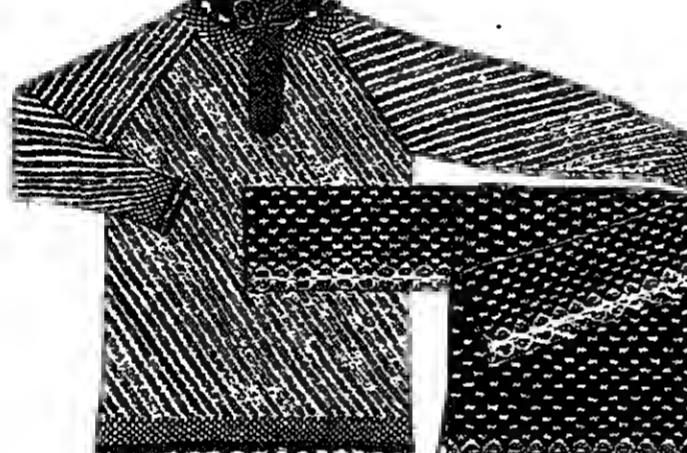
## GUERLAIN



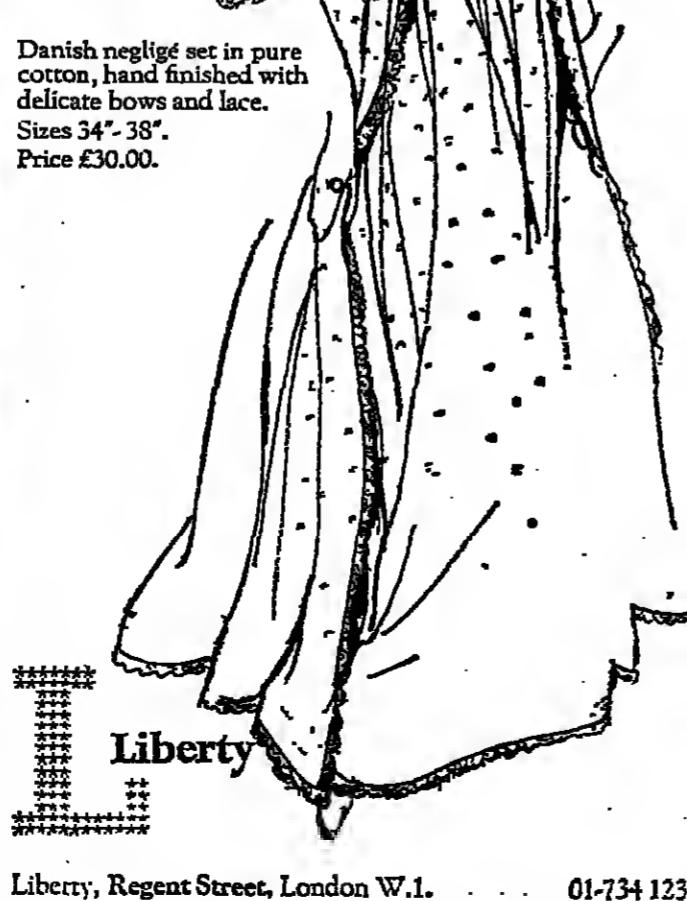
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55 New Bond Street, London W1 01-629 7012



KAFFE FASSETT is one of the most individual and original designers of knitwear. To him, knitting is an extension of painting—a continual counter-point of pattern on pattern, of mist and colour, expressed in a bewildering variety of intricate stitches. Left, man's sweater in pure wool, diagonally striped in brown on dull yellow, the neck, sleeves and hem banded in pink and grey checks, edged in circles of pink on green, £20. Right, women's rib-cage sweater in black, patterned in yellow circles edged in brown, the hem and the inside seam of the sleeves banded in black and yellow circles edged in brown on yellow, £9.50. Both at Beatrice Bellini, 11 West Holborn Street, SW1. Drawings by David Tilt.



Danish negligee set in pure cotton, hand finished with delicate bows and lace. Sizes 34"-38". Price £30.00.



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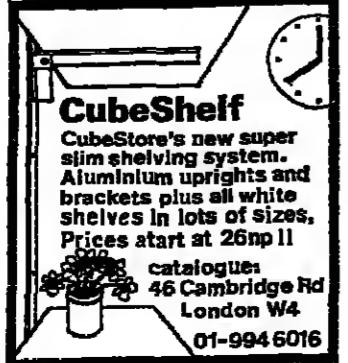
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## Facts about freezers

PAUL LEXTON of the Miners Arms, Priddy in Somerset, is the most interesting new development in the home-freezing world. He is the person who is going to make deep-freezing into something that will prove to be very, very, very, very, less trouble, more, than the monster that could lower the standards of eating throughout the land. He is both theoretician and experimenter and he says:

"I have four basic rules for home-freezing:

1. Freeze things down in components, not the fully prepared dishes. Bring them together only when you take them out. If you make the whole thing, for example, with meat, sauce, it tends to separate. But freeze the sauce separately, bring it back to almost-boiling point, 70 degrees, and when it is made and if anything, it will be moister than before. You can't risk it if it has lumps of meat in it. I put everything in at the point where it will only take a further 15-20 minutes to cook when I take it out. For example, something like stewing steak—marinade it, cook it in this juice, then freeze the meat and use the juice to make a sauce which you also freeze.

2. Freeze in small single-portion sizes—they freeze quicker, than in quicker and can be taken out in the amounts you need.

3. Do not pre-boil, cook from the frozen state; as long as things are small enough they can be heated up very quickly and this preserves all the nutritional value and flavour.

4. Don't be frightened to suck it and see—you can only find out by trying and there is nothing in the freezing process that can make food poisonous. Feel encouraged to experiment because a freezer in the kitchen is the best plaything cum laboratory here is. I shall go on finding things out until they put me in my freezer.

If you want to try Paul Lexton's products and see if they are as excellent as they should be, write to Lexton Foods Ltd, Priddy, Wells, Somerset for a once list and details.

Mr Lexton's idea is to turn people from this shoddy notion that you buy a freezer and you buy a cow, put them together and save money—it's absolute balderdash and you will have to consume half a ton of frozen food a year to save anything.

Where to get all the information you need about home-freezers:

The Food Freezer Committee, Burton Marsteller Ltd, 25 North Lane, London, W1. Telephone 01-99 0411. You can get a very good full list of bulk suppliers, an analysis on freezers, a booklist. They will also answer problems.

The Electricity Council, Marketing Dept, Trafalgar Buildings, 1 Charing Cross, London, WC1. You can get a full but not comprehensive list of frozen-food firms. They also supply a marvellous little book called "Food Freezing at Home" by Ivon Connacher, sold for 20p.

Your local paper. Most frozen-food firms advertise themselves to reach local consumers.

Freeze is a new magazine to be published soon by the Food Freezer Committee, it will offer a comprehensive list of suppliers, seasonal buying articles, recipes, lots of information and facts and they will run a readers' problem bureau. For details write to "Freeze," 117 Cheyne Walk, London SW10.

The Food Information Centre, 12 Park Lane, Croydon, telephone 01-688 9248, will answer any problems and have a bank of 3,000 recipes to draw on. They have a good and useful booklet called "How to Make the Most of Your Freezer."

Insurance policy for your freezer: Harrison Baggs Associates, 32 Little Gate, Nottingham, New Zealand Insurance Co, Maidstone House, Warrior Square, Southend-on-Sea. In some cases your own insurance company will extend your household policy. Some suppliers of home freezers offer a cheap insurance scheme to their customers.

Maintenance for your machine: Try to get a maintenance contract and guarantee from the firm you buy your freezer from.

British Meat Service, 15-17 Ridgmont St, London WC1, have a new booklet called "Home-Freezing Meat" which is exceedingly useful.

News on Making Life Easier for Home Freezer Enthusiasts.

The Icicle Pump is not for pumping up icicle-tires but for removing the air in a bag of home-frozen fruit or vegetables. Details from Coldstore Packaging, St Andrews Street, Kilmarnock, Scotland.

Koldair Insulated Bags are for carrying food home from the cash and carry—they keep it frozen solid for up to 24 days. Details from Insulations Ltd, Market Street, Wells, Somerset. Also available at Harrods and Selfridges.

The Freezer Record Book for what goes into and what comes out of the freezer so you know exactly what is there. Details from Tottit and Harvey, St Paul's Precinct, London, EC2, also available at W. H. Smith.

Containers and Wrappings by postal service from Lakeland Plastics, Alexandra Road, Windermere, Westmorland, or from Lawsons Ltd, 1a St Andrews Street, South Bank, Edmunds.

As the emotional question, which freezer to buy, which the excellent magazine of the Consumers' Association, did exhaustive tests about a year ago.

Among small freezers, which found upright ones had more advantages than chest. Their best buy was the Igenis CV 21 2S, 4.2 cu ft, £51.45 from Currys. There were small Hoovers, Kelvinators, Electroluxes and English Electrics which were good value for money.

Large freezers all seemed to cost much the same—round about £200. The best buy, however, was good value for money. Helfrost F2854, Total F350H, Price £229. Atlas CF410 and Jonele AFB143.

Copies of the invaluable piece of research in the September 1970 Which? are available only to members, which shows the value of belonging to The Consumers' Association, 14 Buckingham St, London WC2N 6DS.

Caroline Conran



Andrew Logan in his own clothes (above) and as dressed by Molly Parkin (right). Black wool suit about £80; crepe de chine shirt £20; silk tie £7.35; wool coat £79. All from Yves St Laurent, Rue Gauche, 84 Brompton Rd, SW3. Hair by Vidal Sassoon's Barber Shop, 44 Sloane St, SW1.



Andrew Logan goes straight

ANDREW LOGAN has already bad his Christmas present. A swimming pool, given to him by his sister on his birthday. He's going to have it in his sitting room and put a fountain in the middle, with coloured lights at the bottom. All around there'll be nine foot plaster palm trees for diving off. And as soon as all that's finished, he's giving a Christmas party where everyone has to come in their swimsuit.

In the other picture, below, he's wearing an Yves St Laurent outfit which I wanted to see him in. I've always seen him in these extraordinary things and I wanted to convert him just for fun—to see Andrew inside an elegant set of clothes, calculated to alter his whole image.

"It's a little straight for me," he said. "Might be better on one of my other brothers, the one who's the submarine captain. Oh,

MOLLY PARKIN

yes, we're a varied family." He insisted first he had his hair cut off. "Wouldn't look right otherwise," but nothing could stop him pinning on at least one brooch.

"It's a marvellous suit, of course," he said, "but all these things must be personalised.

If I ever wore a suit I'd never pay this much, even if I could afford it. I'd prefer to get a jumbo one and stick sequins around the edge or something!!" All over like a Pearly Queen. And how does he expect his girl friends to compete with his appearance? Don't they find it daunting? "They always do as they are told," he said, sternly disarming. "Just wear black and diamonds."

Gimmie lights, various designs, to order from Andrew Logan Studio, 106 Dowtham Road, NI. (Tel: 01-249 4526.)

The orch crook  
Caught on infection  
Started to go round the bend  
Took a turn for the worse  
And ended up quite kinky.

A.F.G.L.

THE WINNER of The Sunday Times Great New Beaujolais Race was a dashing bachelor with a truly remarkable taste for wine: Colin Akers, of Hoddesdon, Herts.

He astonished the judges at the wine-tastings we held for the 100 numerically-winning semi-finalists.

He got 100 points out of 100.

He selected from four wines

the two Beaujolais wines among them; he then named the wines and finally their vintage.

He's modest about his coup and says he's full of doubts. But in fact it does emerge that he is a pretty enthusiastic wine-drinker and knows his stuff around. He's 40, managing director of the family firm of beating and water supply engineers, and has an interesting cellar in which Beaujolais certainly figures, but less impressively than claret.

From my social wanderings,

I have observed some of the best ways to pull yourself up the ladder. Wear a deaf aid, for example, and people might mistake you for a television personality.

Learn something about horses.

Mutter about girths and bog spavins. Smell of Ma Nure rather than Ma Griffe, and you will gain admittance to the smartest country houses in England.

He is also a bit casual about his wine-drinking. He says that as a teacher of French he was always

Substitute a secondhand hridic

being expected to know about wine. So be applied himself to the subject, just like that.

Third prize-winner, who gets a case of the new wine: Mrs G. Cookman, 21 The Fairway, Devizes, Wiltshire.

Colin Akers was collecting his prize at the weekend: a quarter hogshead of the new wine (75 bottles). But Hatch, Mansfield, the wine merchants sponsoring our competition, wouldn't let him wait for the 1971 vintage to arrive here: they took him over to Beaujolais on Friday so that he would be there to taste the very first bottle opened.

Mr Akers took his friend

Tricia Callaghan, daughter of his Hertfordshire neighbours, over with him. After a series of evenings with the wine-guilders who actually produce the wine they were due at midnight last night in the cellars of Nicolas at La Chappelle de Guinchay, to sup this morning's first samples of the 1971 Beaujolais Nouveau.

In France, the opening of the

Beaujolais Nouveau season is a

tricky legal issue.

The wine can be sold at Beaujolais Nouveau after a moment decreed by the Government.

Just after midnight this morning it was OK for Colin Akers to be drinking the new wine as he

was.

But a bit of skilful organising

by Hatch, Mansfield were arranging to bring back in their private plane with Colin Akers, a load

of the new wine.

It should be available at Bill

Bentley's restaurant

in Beauchamp Place, London, SW3,

tonight after nine o'clock.

He is

planning to be open for

the wine

delicately observing the letter of

French law,

as a wine that at

midnight will become a vint

Beaujolais Nouveau.

The Beaujolais Nouveau lasts

until mid-February

when it

becomes vin de l'annee.

It is available

from Hatch, Mansfield, 64/65

Cowcross St, London, EC1,

for £10.20 for a case of 12 bottles.

## COUPLES



# LOOK!

## Jilly Cooper on the art of social climbing

AS THE queues mount outside the Ministry of Social Security, few people collecting their dole give a thought for the ever-increasing numbers seeking advice from the Ministry of Social Security just round the corner.

For as the class structure fragments, more and more people are struggling to overtake the lances practising the subtle art of Social Climbing.

Now I have always been an avid social climber, rather than an amateur one. As I hack my way to the top with my alpenstock (not having the necessary breeding stock) I dream of gossiping with the Queen about knitting patterns, or dallying with swave expensive men at ducal house parties. What really attracts me is the thought of all that involves blossoming on the peaks, walking to the bottom.

My social-climbing began in my teens when I was sent to France to stay with a bourgeois family who treated me with the deepest contempt. During my stay, however, my mother sent me a picture-postcard of Bradford Municipal Gates.

"Are those the gates de votre chateau?" asked Madame, with quizzical interest.

"Of one of our chateaux," I lied airily, and was treated with respectful awe for the rest of my stay.

Later on in my career I made feeble attempts to climb a few more rungs of the social ladder by marrying up. I met a ravishing Harrovian social climber who, alas, in every sense was no match for me. I shall never forget the lust in his face as he gazed at me and said:

"I fancy you more than any girl I've ever met, but I can't marry you because you're not uppity enough."

What were a few nights of passion to him, compared with a lifetime spent at the wrong end of the table?

I was later irritated to see his smug little face peering out of the Tatler on his wedding day, a horse-faced duke's daughter on his arm, flanked by a battalion of large bridesmaids. Tiara-boom-dey.

But how do you identify your dedicated social climber (I've just had a look in the mirror)? She usually has a terrible squint from keeping her eyes on so many celebrities at once.

She will certainly have Cardin or Yves St Laurent labels sewn into, and preferably hanging out of, her chain-store coat. Her hide is as thick as a rhinoceros in a bullet-proof body-socking.

Her conversation sounds like a long-playing record of Debrett.

Celebrities, alas, always go to her parties because they know they will meet other celebrities there.

Her husband, she claims, always has the Ear of Nixon or the Ear of Heath, as though he kept them floating in formaldehyde on the mantelpiece beside the pile of out-of-date invitations.

She genuinely believes that the society column is the only things that support the social edifice. If she goes to a charity ball, you will find her hard at work in one of the darker rooms developing a wine-drinker and knows her stuff around. Eureka, she cries every time she left nipple appears in the pages of Harper's Queen and she leaves the magazine lying around open at the relevant page for days to come.

From my social wanderings, I have observed some of the best ways to pull yourself up the ladder. Wear a deaf aid, for example, and people might mistake you for a television personality.

Learn something about horses. Mutter about girths and bog spavins. Smell of Ma Nure rather than Ma Griffe, and you will gain admittance to the smartest country houses in England.

He is also a bit casual about his wine-drinking. He says that as a teacher of French he was always

for the nodding doggy in the back of your car, or make your daughter join the Pony Club or at least be seen in the shopping centre in a hard hat and jodhpurs.

Buy a camel hair coat and spend so much time on a shooting stick that figures of eight will be permanently etched on your bottom.

Teach your husband to murder wildlife. He will be welcomed everywhere if he's a good shot, a fisherman or a "hard man to hounds" (Poor Doggies).

Or bring your daughter out. How many plain girls have been humped from deb dance to doh dance so their mothers can get to meet a smart class of mum?

But by running for President, bringing out your daughter in style is the prerogative only of the rich and as a study of recent Presidents shows, this is not necessarily a guarantee of quality.

Stanley Devon

Royal Automobile Club printed underneath it.

But it is strange how people hanker for titles—Harold





## World Wide Properties

## The Mediterranean island of Menorca is a special situation: it has peace, beauty and ambience

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There will be some basic amenities that are not always taken for granted in Spain: underground mains electricity, local authority water, and roads quite unlike the typical jolts. And there will be some facilities which cannot be taken for granted anywhere at all: just one low-rise four-star hotel on the lake, a Country Club in a traditional farmhouse, and a Golf Clubhouse of architectural distinction.

The nine-hole course, playable in July 1972, is designed by John D. Harris. Internationally he has had a hand in planning 300 golf courses: rather less in numbers than the annual days of sunshine in Menorca.

Building sites of a great variety are about one-third of an acre average size. Prices are approximately £1750 now. But they will rise after Christmas.

Shangri-La has to be seen. Our next one-day inspection flight before the price rise is on December 5th. The plane holds only 79 passengers. If this sounds like your kind of place, write or phone now for a really informed discussion.

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## HOMES

ices in the  
n are pricey

people, it seems, are already the Common Market too. I heard story the other about an elderly English lady arrived as an estate agent's in Nice. She had come, she to buy her daughter a small the Côte d'Azur. She had to spend and would they show her what they had in

the estate agent began about English exchange laws. If she wanted to transact out of the country she first have to apply to the Bank land for permission and... the money's no problem" interrupted. "I have it. Whereupon she opened her bag, and she did indeed 10,000 to spend.

sublime innocents apart, people find buying property a bit like going through is both ways at once. At the end you have to wrestle with usages and exchange control, at the other you can get in foreign laws, unforeseen and what the Portuguese is for forgotten to put the roof

buy land or property outside theulated territories—which, as Europe is concerned, effect means anywhere except the Islands. Malta, Gibraltar, Cyprus—you have to apply to ink of England for permission one villa per family, please) unless you are buying from a wner, you must pay for the with investment dollars bank can arrange this). You allowed to use your travel

investment dollar pool is a d surely of currency which be used by anyone wishing to investments abroad. Since it always exceeds supply, to pay the premium to use the and this normally hours 20 to 24 per cent. So buying in, say, Spain or Portugal is going to cost you up to a more than the asking price a property. (One exception: agents, who are allowed to transact without going through the

many buyers overlook when what they can afford is that the extras over and above the price must also be paid

This delightful bit of escapism architecture is one of the village houses in the big Vale do Lobo development being carried out in the Algarve by Costain/Trust Houses. Village or "aldeamento" houses cost £8,000-£11,000, and you can also buy plots of land to build on. Knight Frank & Rutley are the English agents.

for in investment currency. This means that furniture, legal fees, local taxes and improvements to the property are going to cost 20 per cent more, or whatever the level of the premium may be. Thus a sun-shine villa or flat selling for £4,000 may actually cost nearer to £6,000 by the time it is fitted out and ready to take a holiday in.

This explains why in the past such true-blue sterling islands as Malta have done well out of the British market, and why there is now such an interest in Cyprus, despite its lingering political shadows. Going into the Common Market probably won't alter British buying habits much—France and Cyprus and Cork.

Robert Troop

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THIS IS ACTUAL SIZE

**CUT OUT**

**SELF-ADHESIVE**

**MINI LABELS**

100p per 1,000

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